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WITHERED ROSES.

Withered rose-leaves in an urn—
Everywhere our glances turn,
Time old graves uncovers,
Many a dainty, perfumed note,
Hands long cold once warmly wrote,
Hidden here by lovers.

Ah! the manly hearts, now cold,
Ah! the mem'ries, sweet and old,
This quaint room discloses,
All the warmth is chill to-day;
All the life has passed away;
Naught is left but roses—

Roses, withered now and dead,
All their ancient sweetness fled
With their ancient splendor,
As I bend above, I feel
A vague fragrance from them steal,
Like a mem'ry tender.

Of their olden pleasant days,
When the sun's rich golden blaze
Kissed the cheeks to glory.
Ah! the pain these mem'ries give!
Ah! the pain that one must live
When our life's sweet story

Holds no more the golden joy!
Of what use the valued toy
When its charm is broken?
Of our life when youth is o'er—
Of the past which comes no more,
Are these flowers the token.

When the sun has lost his light,
When the fall of winter's night
Our autumn-tide o'ercloses—
Call we then the mem'ries sweet—
Of those vanished moments fleet—
Ashes of youth's roses!

FLEEING FROM A FORTUNE.

Mrs. De Bruse Bellingham laid down the telegram a servant had just presented on a silver salver.

"Augusta! It is terrible! What can possess the creature, and now of all times? Your cousin, Peter Bellingham, is actually coming to visit us—actually coming to visit us!"

Mrs. Bellingham's tones were piteous in their horrified despair, and she let fall the yellow envelope that so seldom is the harbinger of the good news we want, with a gesture of impotent anger.

Augusta Bellingham lifted her beautiful straight brows in a horror of questioning.

"Oh, mamma! Coming to visit us! Surely there is some mistake! He never would be so stupid as to come unless we sent him an invitation.

Mrs. Bellingham picked up the telegram again and read it through aloud:

"Will be at your house Tuesday for a short visit. P. BELLINGHAM."

"What mistake can there possibly be? No, it's directed plainly enough—'Mrs. De Bruse Bellingham, 888 5th avenue,—and it is signed plainly enough. Child, what in the world shall we do? I can't receive him. I never, never could introduce him to our friends."

Augusta looked thoughtfully at the carpet, and tapped one of her pretty little feet.

Suddenly, she lifted up her long-lashed lids to her lady mother's face.

"Oh, mamma, I don't wonder you are so nervous over it What shall we do about it? Why, it's to-day, this very afternoon—he's to be here!"

"It seems as if fate had a particular grudge against me!" she said piteously. "When I married your papa, it was distinctly understood that I was not to be troubled with any of his poor relations, and before we had been keeping house a year his grandfather died, and the old lady had to come and make her home with us, because De Bruse was able to keep her. Then your aunt Adelaide died, and De Bruse had to take Bessie and bring her up. Well, I will confess I have kept Bessie pretty well down, and made her pay her way by helping me with the sewing and children's music. But now, it seems to me, this visit is worse than all. He'll stay six weeks at the least, I know!"

"Perhaps he won't be so terrible after all, mamma. Couldn't you manage to keep him in his room most of the time, and let Bessie take care of him? It would just suit her."

Mrs. Bellingham uttered a little shriek of dismay.

"Did you ever see your father's cousin Peter, Augusta?"

"Well, no, mamma, I have never seen him, of course, but I should think—"

"You should think nothing about it. Peter Bellingham is middle-aged, and, Augusta, he actually wears the same suit of clothes year in and year out. His hair is long, down to the top of his collar, and he plasters it to the top of his head with horrid pomatum. He wears a green cravat; his hands are covered with freckles, and you can't keep him from going where he pleases; he will rush in the parlor whenever you have company. He visited here once before, years ago, and I declare it almost killed me. Why, Augusta, he insisted—and your poor, dear papa had to permit, or else turn him bodily out of the house—he insisted on reading prayers before and after every meal, guest or no guests."

"Oh, mamma, I know exactly what we'll do! The idea of not knowing how to get rid of cousin Peter. Why, nothing could be easier! Burn up that dispatch, have our trunks packed this morning, and let's take the afternoon boat for Long Branch. Send the servants away, as we always do, and when old Peter Bellingham comes to-night, he'll find the house with nobody in but Bessie. And if she wants to entertain him, let her. Of course, mamma, that is the only way to do. Just consider we never received this telegram.

Mrs. Bellingham drew a long breath of surprise and relief.

"How strange I never once thought of such an easy natural way out of our dilemma! Child, you are a born diplomatist, do you know it?"

"I don't know that, mamma; but I do know this one thing—I never wanted to go to Long Branch so badly before, because—because—"

She blushed and hesitated.

"Yes, I know dear! A certain gentleman, who shall be nameless, is there, or will be very shortly. Well, Augusta, he's rich and handsome, and—I wish you success. Of course, we'll go! Ring for Fanchon and have early lunch ordered. We only have about five hours to get away."

"And at 7 o'clock that evening, Mrs. De Bruse Bellingham and her lovely daughter were eating their dinner in the dining room of the Ocean House, while the magnificent mansion on 5th avenue was dark, silent, and deserted, except for one maid-servant—faithful old Hannah, who only staid for company's sake—and bright, cheery, pretty little Bessie Bellingham, who had been left in charge.

"It's just glorious to be here all alone, monarch of all I survey, and nothing especial to do for ever so long. I'll have time to practice, and time to read, and time for delicious walks in Central Park," said Bessie going up to the pier glass and stopping to look at herself; "and I think I shall fix up a little and make believe it is my house, and I am a rich grand lady like Aunt Helena, or Cousin Augusta. Say, Bessie Bellingham, have you any idea what an awfully ordinary, old-fashioned, ugly little wretch you are? You haven't any frizzes, or any bangs, or a big back comb, or—anything but your pug nose, and big mouth, and horrid red cheeks."

And Bessie stretched her mouth to its widest capacity, failing to make it anything but a fresh, sweet, fragrant, kissable thing, with tiny, pretty teeth behind, and distracting dimples besides.

Just then a loud, hearty laugh rang out almost behind her, and she started in amazement and panic of terror to see a tall handsome young fellow, in irreproachable traveling suit of fashionable out and color, standing in the doorway, carrying a light satchel in one hand and holding his cane and hat in the other.

"Oh, mercy." Bessie exclaimed, flushing more in girlish shame than fear, as she saw the laughing blue eyes and the amused smile on the handsome, gentlemanly face.

"Allow me to apologize for startling you, Miss Bellingham. I persume you are my cousin Bessie, of whom I have heard? I am Percy Bellingham, another cousin, intending to stay over night with the family, but the woman who answered the door told me they had just left for the seashore. They must have just missed my telegram."

Bessie had entirely recovered her *sang froid* during the explanatory speech.

"Well, it's true they are not at home, but I guess Hannah and I will do just as well."

He laughed again.

"I guess so too."

"That is," Bessie went on gravely, "if you don't except a very elaborate dinner and breakfast, and will be content to sleep in one of the back rooms, for aunt Helena said the spare rooms were not to be used."

"I'm the easiest fellow to suit you ever saw, cousin Bessie. And now suppose you continue your pantomime I unfortunately interrupted? Or, will you play for me, and sing? I am sure you can sing—with such a mouth."

And Bessie laughed and blushed, and handsome Percy felt very well satisfied, that his telegram had missed its destination.

Two weeks later, and the midsummer sun shining golden and warm over the dancing sea; and Augusta Bellingham, sitting on the balcony of the Ocean House, just opposite their suite of rooms, gave a little exclamation of unfeigned delight.

"Mamma, how delicious! If there isn't Percy at last.

And the rich blood warmed her beautiful face and her heart thrilled as that gentleman looked up and lifted his hat with smiling recognition; for this was the one to whom Augusta had given all her thoughts — the rich, handsome "nameless one," whom it was the desire of her life, and her mother's life to claim as a nearer relation than a very distant cousin.

Her cheeks were flushing exquisitely, and a glad, happy light was in her bright eyes, as Percy Bellingham came up to her, extending his hand in welcome greeting.

"We heard you were to be here," Mamma Bellingham said graciously. "Indeed, we have been quite counting on your joining our party."

He smiled back in Augusta's eyes.

"Well, yes. I have been coming for a week or two; but somehow I was delayed. But here I am, so glad to see you and be of service to you, 'ma belle cousine.' Our party will be a delightful one, he said," almost eagerly.

"Yes; delightful, now that you have come."

And Augusta flashed him a coquettish, enchanting look.

"Because I have brought Bessie with me," he added, carelessly. "We were married yesterday, and she is all anxiety to see you both."

Mrs. Billingham held her heart in a momentary grasp of chagrin and amazement. Augusta's cheeks suddenly blanched to such a whiteness that it was painful to imagine the agitation that could have caused it. Then the women of the world rose equal to the occasion.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Bellingham. "What a charming surprise! And the dear child is actually here?"

"Actually here," he said, looking at Augusta, "and waiting for the welcome my wife deserves.

"I am delighted," she murmured; and then smiled down the horrible distress that had threatened to overcome her.

And that was the result of the mistake about the telegram.

Jessie's Lovers.

"Oh, dear me!" thought pretty little Jessie Howard, holding her head to one side like a meditative sparrow as she stood beside the sitting room window. "I'm sure poor Seth is a splendid fellow, but Harry is so handsome, with his blue eyes and tawny mustache, that I am at a loss how to decide. Aunt Lydia declares that it is the easiest thing in the world to accomplish, but, for my part I think it is the most difficult task I ever encountered. How on earth am I to find out whether my two suitors love me or the fortune which dear Aunt Lydia is going to leave me? Why it sounds just like a chapter out of of a novel. I always did yearn to get into a romantic scrape. I wonder if I'll ever be able to solve my conundrum as agreeably as the heroines of fiction always manage to do? It would be perfectly spendid if I could."

And clasping her little hands before her she gazed dreamily out upon the gloomy scene where the snow was falling silently and ceaselessly, covering all with its feathery flakes.

The twilight was deepening, a cold, death-like stillness reigned in the frosy air and the scene looked gray and spectral in the gathering gloom.

"It is almost five o'clock," she said to herself, turning slowly away from the window. "I must get supper ready now. Of course I'll tell auntie just what I intend to do, although I know she'll say right away that I ought to have poor Seth. Well, at any rate I'll test my two lovers and then I'll be able to decide."

She went into the large, old fashioned kitchen where Aunt Lydia sat knitting before the great, blazing fire.

She sang softly as she prepared the supper, while the old lady, with a smile leaned back in her chintz-cushioned rocking chair, and watched her pretty, little brown eyed niece.

"Jessie, my dear girl," she said at last, taking off her silver-trimmed spectacles and rubbing them carefully with the corner of her handkerchief. "I want to have a little talk with you upon a very important subject."

"Well, auntie, what is it? she asked. "You are going to lecture me about Seth, aren't you?"

"Jessie," the old lady began, slowly, "this is a very serious affair. Do not ridicule it, because I'll not tolerate that. It is for your own good that I have ventured to broach this subject. Since you have become acquainted with Mr. Eldridge I have noticed how heartlessly you have set aside poor Seth Morris. Mr. Eldred's handsome face and blue eyes have fascinated you; but oh, my dear girl, you are not doing right. If you do not love Seth, be irank at least, and admit that fact, because that poor, good hearted fellow fairly worships you. And you must recollect that a woman knows very little about the habits and character of a man until she is married to him and past all escape."

Jessie opened her lovely brown eyes wider than ever.

"But, auntie. Har—Mr. Eldridge is so handsome and pleasant. Why, you have no idea what a splendid young man he——"

"A model of amiability and good temper. I suppose," the old lady interrupted, "That is all you know about this ideal of yours, isn't it?"

Jessie's cheeks flushed prettily, and her eyes filled with merry mischief.

"Now don't be too severe with me, auntie," she responded, "until I have told you what I intend to do. Of course as you know yourself, when a girl has two lovers, it is quite a difficult task for her to decide at once which one she prefers. Well, at any rate, I have made up my mind to test Seth and Harry, and the one who is fortunate enough to come out all right in the ordeal can claim Jessie Howard as his own for life."

"How on earth are you going to accomplish that? It is all very well to read about such things in a novel, and——"

But the sudden opening of the door interrupted Aunt Lydia, and old John Howard entered the warm kitchen, while Jessie, with a sigh of relief, knew that "very important subject" was ended for that evening.

On the following afternoon our little heroine felt somewhat lonely, and wrapping herself up warmly she ran over to see Lizzie Lawton, one of her school friends.

I've come to see if you were in the land of the living, yet Liz," said Jessie with a rippling laugh, as she kissed her friend. Isn't it a wretched day?"

"Wretched is no name for it," answered little, golden-haired Lizzie. "Mamma is up in her room nursing her periodical headache, and I was on the point of running over to see you. But, dear me, have you heard the news?"

"No," Jessie replied tossing back a stray curl from her forehead. "What is it, Liz?"

"Seth Morris is going to marry Miss Archer. She told me all about the engagement this morning. Don't you feel well?"

For poor Jessie's face suddenly turned deathly pale, and a look of horror crept into her eyes,

"Is it true, Lizzie?" she asked, trying to quell the quiver in her voice.

'Every word of it is true," Lizzie responded. "Of course I 'know about that little love affair between Seth and you, but you are very foolish if you go mourning over the loss of such a heartless lover. The idea of Seth tying himself down to that disagreeable Miss Archer when he could have got you. And she had the impudence to tell me that you had treated Seth shamefully, and it was no wonder he didn't ask you to marry him. Oh, Jessie, when she said that, I flew up in a terrible passion and gave her a piece of my mind, and so the end of it was, we had a fearful quarrel. She is the most spiteful thing I ever encountered. Now; don't feel badly about it, because you are not to blame for Seth's faithlessness."

But all through that afternoon there was a dull, aching pain at poor Jessie's heart, and, at last, she bid Lizzie goodbye, and went slowly home with a sad look upon her pretty face—a look that did not even Aunt Lydia's eyes as the girl entered the sitting-room where the old lady sat beside the dimity-curtained window.

Of course Jessie gathered up her courage and told Aunt Lydia all that she had heard, and the old lady almost beside herself with amazement, could only try to soothe our little heroine in her kind, motherly way.

And then poor Jessie tried to be brave and womanly, but a spiteful sense of desolation and heart sickness clung to her despite herself.

Oh, if Seth had only known how dearly she loved him, she felt confident that he would never have cast her aside so cruelly.

Then the handsome face and blue eyes of Harry Eldridge would suddenly loom up before her, and she would find herself wondering which of her two suitors she really loved

"Well, at any rate," she thought, 'I'll put Harry to the test now since Seth has been weighed in the balance and found wanting."

But Jessie was saved the trouble of taking that romantic step, for an hour later John Howard came into the kitchen with the starting news that Mr. Harry Eldridge had been arrested for being implicated in a daring bank robbery which was committed in Boston about two months ago.

Jessie listened like one in a dream. It seemed to her as if some cruel hand had suddenly grasped her heart. But at last she managed to slip up to her room where she had a good cry, and finally declared that she was the luckiest girl in the world to have rid herself of her two faithless lovers.

"Although I can blame no one but myself for having lost Seth" she thought sadly. "I never for a moment guessed how dearly I loved him until I heard of his engagement to Miss Archer. Oh, if some prophetic voice had only told me what a bold, wicked man Mr. Eldridge was I'm sure I'd not have hurt poor Seth's heart so cruelly."

But the next day when she returned home from a walk in the woods, she found Seth patiently awaiting her in the sitting room.

"Jessie," he said, holding out his hand to her in his frank, manly way, "do not think too harshly of me until I have explained all to you. I have come to contradict the rumor that Miss Archer is to be my wife. She was to have married my brother William, but he was killed in a railway accident, and since his death her brain has weakened and she has fancied of late, that I am her future lord and master. I never could feel angry toward the unfortunate girl, but in turn have always humored her hallucinations. The Archers have tried to keep her insanity a secret, but she is getting worse, and sooner or later the world cannot help but guess the truth. Oh, Jessie, do not turn from me now while you have the power to make me one of the happiest men on earth, for you are the only woman I ever loved, and I want you to be my precious little wife!"

With a low, glad cry, she flew to his breast, and sobbed out her happy answer.

"I cannot say no. Seth, because, oh, I love you—I love you so!"

And the day came at last when the little, ivy-covered church was opened for the rare occasion of a wedding, and Jessie, radiant with happiness, became Seth Morris' wife; while just before they started on their bridal trip, the news came that poor Miss Archer was dead.

The Wild Bell-Ringer and a Brave Boy.

Aquasco is such an out of the way town that no doubt many of the children never have heard of it before. It is in the State of Maryland, and stands on a little hill near the mouth of the Patuxent River. In the summer time no boy nor girl of Aquasco need go to the seashore, for salt water flows at their feet and the same salt breeze that sweeps fleet after fleet of white-sailed ships up and down the Chesapeake Bay blows in the windows of the houses in Aquasco. The good people of Aquasco go to bed so soon after supper that the whippoorwill cries and complains without one person to pity him, and the grunt of the bull-frog is the only voice that answers the whirr and ring of the clocks when they strike twelve, midnight.

So it was that when in the middle of the night, Cyrus Wallace, an Aquasco boy heard the church bell ringing, he sprang out of bed and ran barefooted into the street. As he reached the gate he saw men running by at the top of their speed.

"What's the matter?" shouted Cyrus, to one of the flying figures.

"A fire, I guess," said the man.

"Fire, fire, fire!" shrieked Cyrus, as he ran after the others, and in a few minutes the whole town of Aquasco was aroused. Everybody was in the street and everybody was hurrying towards the church. Women seized water buckets and children gathered up pails. Aquasco had been very still five minutes before, but now Aquasco was beside itself with excitement.

But where was the fire? The first man who reached the church put his hands to his mouth and hallooed to the top of the bell tower, where the bell was still clanging away. The second man did the same and the third called aloud and so did the fourth. Not a word would the person in bell tower answer, though he rang and rang, until all Aquasco gathered on the grass below.

"The door of the steeple is locked!" said one of the men. "Nobody understands it."

"Maybe some rascal got locked an there yesterday and fell asleep," said Mr. Rankin the Constable.

"No, no," replied Mr. Westcoat, the sexton of the church, "I was up there in the afternoon, and there wasn't anybody in the tower; It's a spirit or a goblin, that's what it is!" and Mr. Westcoat shook his head, while some of the children huddled together and held their breath.

"It's old Tappan's ghost," continued Mr. Westcoat. "Tappan was sexton before I was, and he rang that bell up there for twenty years. He's come back."

Cyrus laughed when he heard the sexton say such things. Cyrus knew very well that only cowards believe in ghosts. He was afraid of big dogs and drunken men but common sense told him that there was no such thing as a ghost or creature of the dark of any kind.

"Give me the keys," said a man to the sexton. "I'll go up and stop that ringing." The sexton fumbled in his pocket only to find that he had left the keys at home, a half mile away. Glad enough to get away from the haunted church, the sexton started home after the keys. Meanwhile the bell still rang. Every now and then the strokes would be faint, but the next instant would come a loud clang, as though the old bell didn't like such mysterious work a bit. The wind was blowing stiffly in the tops of the old oak trees, but all knew that the wind could not ring the bell because of the lattice-work around the belfry While the people were whispering together around the church, Cyrus was busy looking for a way to get into the belfry before the sexton should return with the keys. He knew that there was a little round window, just large enough for him to crawl through, some distance up the side of the tower, and when he had at last got a ladder that reached to this little window he stepped boldly up the rounds.

"I'll bring down that ghost before Mr. Westcoat gets back," laughed Cyrus, and the people could see him by the dim starlight as he put his head through the window and disappeared.

Cyrus found himself in a queer place. It was so dark in the belfry that he could not see where to move. He groped from one step to another, going up the belfry stairs slowly, while the sound from the bell above seemed to crash down from above with ten-fold clangor. He reached the crank which the sexton turned when ringing the bell. No one was there.

"Hello! ho; there, ho!" shouted Cyrus, directly into the bell's throat. But the bell's roar drowned his words. He climbed still higher, and soon sat among the rafters above the bell. He reached down and felt the air around the bell. His hand struck something. "Oh!" thought Cyrus. He felt the something and found that it was the limb of a tree. Following the limb with his hand, he found that the limb had thrust itself through a big hole in the lattice-work. Every time the tall tree on the outside rocked, this limb moved quickly forward and withdrew again. Cyrus laughed. He had found the ghost, for he knew that the end of the limb had caught the clapper of the bell and so that every time the tree was rocked by the wind the clapper struck He caught the limb with both hands and gave it a hard, strong pull. The limb bent and the bell stopped ringing.

In the mean time the people were waiting anxiously below. As soon as the bell stopped Cyrus put his mouth to the hole in the lattice, and called out that it was all right. The sexton soon arrived with the keys, and taking a hatchet, Cyrus chopped the bothersome limb in two. The people of Aquasco went to bed, and many laughed at the sexton's ghost. On the following day a great number visited the belfry to see the curious bell-ringer.

It was found that an army of flying squirrels had cut the hole in the lattice work, and that the wind had forced the limb of the neighboring oak through the opening. A little prong near the end of the limb had caught the clapper near its point, and so the wind made its novel bell-ringer.

Anti-Crinoline.

An anti-crinoline society has been established in London. It issues the following protest: "We, the undersigned, believing that the artificial aid to dress, known as 'crinoline' and 'hoop,' is inconvenient and ungraceful to the least extent, and hereby engage ourselves never to wear the same whatever attempt is made on the part of milliners to impose this tyranny upon the ladies of England."

The Old Fireman.

"Yes, there was a heap of fun in the old hand-engine days," sighed the fireman as he leaned back and surveyed the handsome "Amoskeag" in the center of the floor.

"Many fights?"

"Heaps of 'em. I was foreman of No. 5, for seven years, and once I figured up how many fights we had per year. I think the average was 122. I presume young man, that I have been in 600 firemen's fights."

"Ever get badly hurt?"

"Never. It was always the other party who got badly hurt. Of course I have had my jaw broken, head cracked, teeth loosened, eyes blacked and fingers broken, but nothing serious. See this ear? Well, one night the foreman of No. 7 chewed on that ear exactly fourteen minutes by the watch, but he was a poor, consumptive foreman and couldn't have bitten through a shingle-nail in three weeks."

"Those old fireman were very reckless."

"Well, yes. We didn't think nothing of trap doors and weak floors in those days. I was counting up my old scars the other Sunday, and I think the figures were thirty seven, not including the big one between the shoulders, where a burning timber held me down."

"Didn't the boys used to start a blaze now and then?"

"Oh, yes."

"And I presume you took a hand in?"

"Certainly—certainly. I was counting up the other day, and as near as I could make out I fired nineteen buildings myself, not counting school houses and churches."

"Did you ever burn any one up?"

"Well, I don't want to appear egotistical, but I can truthfully answer yes. Only yesterday I was trying to recall names and dates, and I counted up seventeen grown people and eleven children who were burned up by my incendiary hand."

"Didn't you ever feel any stings of conscience?"

"Oh, yes. The other Saturday evening I was figuring it up, and I made out the number of stings to be 12,500. There might be a few that I didn't get in, but the figures are mainly correct."

"Were you never suspected?"

"Never, and I don't want you to say anything about it now. I am trying to live an upright life, and if I were to be hauled up on these old charges it would utterly discourage me,"

"Monster! You are too wicked to live!"

"Yes, I know, but come in some time when I have more time and talk it over. Come in any time—always glad to see you and bring up these fond old reminiscences. La-la!"

Queer Chinese Roads.

The place where we visited the wall was Nankow, which is on the great overland road to Mongolia, Siberia and Russia. In fact, the way was so filled with trains of camels laden with tea and silk going on toward Europe, that we often had to turn out for them. Every seven camels are in charge of a man who marches sleepily ahead of the train holding a leather rope, which is passed through the nose of the foremost animal. Then each camel is fastened in the same manner to the one ahead of him, and the one in the rear, the last of the team, has a large bell swung about his neck as big as a small stove and not unlike it in shape. I was some time studying out the reason for putting the bell on the hindmost camel instead of on the leader. At last it came to me. The man who walks ahead of all does not have to look back to see if his train is following but can be told by the sound of the bell. But for this plan a cunning robber might steal part of the train and run away with it while the sleepy driver would be moping along holding only the line of the leading camel. If I were asked what is the most pressing want of China at this moment I would say roads. Not railroads, but wagon roads. The use of the public ways of the country for immeasuable ages without repair has brought them to such a pass that wheel vehicles are simply an impossibility. In Japan, when the foreigners came there after Commodore Perry's visit, there was no wheeled vehicles in use, but the roads, which were very narrow, were level and paved with stone. The consequence was that, when the "jin-rickshaw" was introduced, it spread rapidly over the country, and now there are thousands and thousands of these little baby carriages in Japan, and travelers can have them at a moment's notice to go to any part of the island. It is doubtful if the railroads in Europe and America are any greater improvement over the system in use before them than are the "jin-rickshaws" of Japan over the old palanquins which they have superseded. But the baldness of Chinese roads renders such a revolution as that in Japan impossible. Before wheels can be used in China roads must be constructed. The age of travel over the same thoroughfares, taken with the winds and storms, have cut them down until now a road through a level country is simply a deep gully, ten to fifteen feet deep. The first notice you have of a road is seeing at a distance the heads of men and beasts moving along upon a level with the ground in a most mysterious and at first unaccountable manner. On coming nearer it proves to be the people traveling along the road. They are down in the roadbed, which is nothing but a deep gully in summer and in winter a canal.

Bed Coverings.

A great deal of decorative color in now fashionable for bed coverings. Silk colors of embroidery or of rich damasks are used over the entire bed. If a white spread is preferred it is brightened by a scarf drapery of rich, dark brocade, that is thrown carelessly over the foot of the bed. The Japanese embroidered quilts and those done with guilt threads in tapestry designs are especially handsome. Antique laces combined with white muslin are used over colored silk linings for bed spreads, with pillow spreads to match. A border of red plush, upon which the lace edge falls, is a pretty finish; when not lined these lace spreads are used over down comfortables that are covered with rose, blue or red silk.

—Mrs. Sothern, the widow of the late E. A. Sothern, the actor, is dead.

—There are more Hebrews in Philadelphia than in all New England.

WHEN has a man four hands? When he doubles his fists.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1882.

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL

Is published every Thursday, in Musser's Building, corner of Main and Penn streets at

$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE

Or $1.25 if not paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 week.	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 year.
1 square....	$1 00	$2 00	$3 00	$4 00	$6 00
¼ column...	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00
½ column...	5 00	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00
1 column...	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00	60 00

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices $2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Job Work done on short notice.

DEININGER & BUMILLER,

Editors and Proprietors.

Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.

Revs P C Weidenmyer and J D Shortess Preach's

Rev. J. D. Shortess will preach next Sunday evening.

Sunday School, 1½ P. M.—D. L. Zerby, Supt.

Missionary Society meets on the second Monday evening of each month.

Methodist.

Rev. Furman Adams Preacher-in-charge.

unday School at 1½ P. M.—John Kimport, Supt.

Reformed.

Rev. C. W. E. Siegel, Pastor.

Preaching in Aaronsburg next Sunday afternoon English.

United Brethren.

Rev. Shannon, Preacher-in-charge.

Preachnig next Sunday morning.

Lutheran.

Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor.—

Preaching in Millheim next Sunday afternoon, and in Aaronsburg in the evening.

Ladies' Mite Society meets on the first Monday evening of each month.

United Sunday School.

Meets at 9 A. M.—H. K. Luse, Supt.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 955, I. O. O. F. meets in keir hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening. Rebecca Degree Meeting every Thursday on or before the full moon of each month.
C. W. HARTMAN, Sec. W. L. BRIGHT, N. G.

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M.
D. L. ZERBY, Sec. T. G. EBHARD, Master.

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.
A. WALTER, Sec. B. O. DEININGER, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.
J. B. Hartman, Sec. John Kreamer, Pres't.

WAR ON SENATOR CAMERON

Senator Mitchell Captured by the Independent Republicans.

PHILADELPHIA, April 22.—Senator Mitchell's alliance with the anti-Cameron republicans is thought to have been completed to-day, when he met twenty-four out-and-out republicans at a conference that lasted four hours. Wolfe, the leader of last year's revolt; Representative McKee, chairman of the independent state committee; F. B. Reeves and many other members of the Philadelphia committee of one hundred were active participants. The burden of the talk, which at times was marked by vehemence, was that unless the republicans cease to uphold the spoils system all the thinking republicans in the state will desert it. The civil service spokesman was Henry C. Les, but all the speeches were against any compromise with Cameron. The capture of Mitchell was deemed complete when he was induced to appoint Wolfe, McKee, John W. Lee, Barker and Reeves a committee to confer with the Cameron men, for it is recognized that every member of this committee is bitter in his hatred of Cameron and itching to hit him a hard blow. Though Mitchell railed at spoilsmen and affected to hope for peaceful adjustment of faction troubles, his appointment of a full-fledged independent committee is generally believed to indicate his surrender to those whom he met to-day. Democrats are satisfied that by to-day's work the breach between the factions is widened.

Vest Pocket States.

From the Philadelphia Ledger (Ind.)

It is recommended by a congressional committee that Washington territory shall be admitted into the Union as a state, and that a part of Dakota shall be accorded the same high dignity. The territory of Washintion had in 1880 a population of 75,116, about as many people as the Nineteenth and Thirty-first wards of the city of Philadelphia. The whole of Dakota at the same period contained 135,177 inhabitants, about equal to the First, Fifteenth and Thirty-first wards of this city. Yet each of these pocket states is to have two senators, and the two inchoate states are to be placed on "equal footing" with the states of New York and Pennsylvania, with nine and a quarter million people. There was a time when acquiescence in that kind of inequality was a necessity in the formation of the Union. It was tolerable then, but is not now. If Washington territory shall be admitted, 25,000 voters there will be entitled to one electoral vote in Pennsylvania. In the same way 45,000 voters more or less in Dakota are equal to 142,000 in our state. The pocket state of Colorado, with its three electoral votes, cast by its legislature at that, decided presidential contest of 1876.

GOV. HOYT last week appointed Hon. Charles H. Stinson, of Norristown, to succeed the late Judge Ross. The new judge is an ex-state senator and is considered an able lawyer.

THE Republicans of Union county are usually a happy family and always have things their own way as against the wicked Democrats. But just now they have their own troubles. At a recent meeting of the county committee, the chairman, Mr. John V. Miller, took matters pretty much into his own hands, and by arbitrary and unreasonabl decisions shaped the result of the meeting favorable to stalwartism. Dr. Brown and J Merrill Linn were elected representative and senatorial delegates respectively. The Wolfe men, who are largely in the majority, are very indignant over chairman Miller, but what they are going to do about it does not yet appear.

Fearful Cyclone in Fayette County.

PITTSBURG, April 21.—Further reports to-day show that the cyclone in Fayette county yesterday crossed southwest to the Pennsylvania Road and destroyed timber and trees on the Wilson, Boyle and Playford farms. It unroofed the "Disciple Church" and otherwise seriously damaged it. On the Mount Pleasent Road the house of a widow named Miller was demolished and her barn carried so far that it has not yet been found. W. C. Lyon's property was also damaged to the amount of $1,600. John S. Detwiller's barn was unroofed and his house badly damaged, as was also the house, barn and orchard of G. D. Atkinson, half a mile further on. E. Heminger and H. S. Fretz suffered similar losses. The elements seemed to gather strength as the stormed traveled on. Before it reached Mounts creek it took an easterly course, and here the deadliest work began. John Bundorff's house was the first to succumb. Strange to relate, the lower story of the house was swept instantly away and the uper portion came tumbling down.

Mr. Bundorff was outside and when he saw the storm approaching he sought shelter inside. He was, however, overtaken and whirled about in the air at the mercy of the gale. His dwelling place was rendered a shapeless mass of ruins. He relates that rails, rubbish and timber could be seen flying through the air as if they came from the clouds. Mr. Bundorff was struck by one of thes missiles just below the small of the back. It penetrated an artery and it is feared the wound is fatal. Joseph Glassburn's house was utterly destroyed, as was also his barn. The last he saw of the roof of the latter it was going up the mountain at lightning speed. Nothing was left standing on his farm. Mr. Glassburn's wife and five of the children are badly hurt. A half mile from Glassburn's the storm struck the house of John Wingrove. He was about 500 yards from his home, driving thither a load of oats. He leaped from the wagon and ran toward his house. Fifty yards from the house his wife lay dead, with her babe of eleven months clasped tightly to her bosom. She had seized her youngest born at the instant the storm struck the building and had been hurled so far that the violence deprived her of life. The babe was unharmed.

Mr. Wingrove's other children were trying frantically to extinguish the flames which had caught on the clothing and was consuming them. They assert that the fire burst upon them from a cloud overhead. Alexander and Harry, two of the boys, aged 11 and 13 years, respectively, have since died of their injuries. The other children will probably not recover. About a mile further on J. Stauffer's two houses and a barn were leveled to the ground. Mrs. Stauffer was seriously injured, as were also her two daughters. The last point in the track, so far as can be ascertained, was two miles beyond Stauffer's at Himan Hozopsnider's whose house was carried away. Whether the tornado spent itself or went over the mountain it is impossible to state.

What a Disguised Detective Did.

READING, April 18.—A detective, belonging to Pinkerton's force disguised as a tramp, was wandering about Mifflin, Schuylkill county, recently, when he fell in with a youngman nameh Elisha Kringle. The tramp incidentally spoke of George H. Wagner, whose barn, with all the cattle, was burned a short time ago, and who has received numerous threatening Mollie Maguire letters recently. In the course of conversation Kringle told the tramp many things, which caused the detective to have him arrested on the charge of being the leader of the Mollie Maguire gang who have committed many depredations recently. He was terribly bewildered when he found the tramp was a detective. Kringle was put under bail to answer the charge at court. It is alleged that there are quite a number of others connected with the affair.

Watsontown had a destructive fire the other Tuesday night which entirely consumed a large lumber mill at a damage of about $100,000, only partly insured.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Lewisburg & Tyrone Railroad Company will be held at the office of the company, No. 233, South Fourth street, Philadelphia, Pa., on MONDAY, MAY 1ST, 1882, at 11¼ o'clock a. m.

Election for President and Directors same day and place.

JAMES R M'CLURE,
Secretary.

2t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of John D. Foote, late of Millheim, deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate settlement, and those having claims against the same, to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

P. T. MUSSER,
Administrator.

Aaronsburg,
April 13th, 1882. 15-6t

TREASURER'S SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS FOR TAXES FOR 1880 AND 1881, AND PREVIOUS YEARS.—Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an act of Assembly, passed to the 12th day of June, A. D. 1815, entitled "An Act to amend an Act, directing the mode of selling unseated lands in Centre county," and the several supplements thereto, there will be exposed at public sale or outcry, the following tracts of unseated lands in said county for the taxes due and unpaid thereon, at the Court House, in the borough of Bellefonte, on Monday, June 12th, A. D., 1882, at one o'clock, p. m.:

ACRES.	PER.	WARRANTEE NAMES.	TAXES.
		BENNER TOWNSHIP.	
2		John Davis	$ 1 23
50		J D Harris	2 05
50		J J Lingle	2 05
100		Wm Humes (owner)	4 10
50		Charles Shuey (owner)	2 05
		BOGGS TOWNSHIP.	
397	145	D Carscadden	35 73
305	112	John Cochran	27 45
12	63	Roland Curtin	1 08
143		Ann Deal	12 87
433	163	Wm Gray	38 97
431	137	Martha Godfrey	38 78
433	163	Jonathan Harvey	19 49
433	163	Joseph Higby	39 17
418	40	William Hood	37 62
431	40	Moses Hood	19 38
150		Sarah Lane	13 50
433	163	David Lewis	39 17
181		J M Lucas & J P Packer	16 28
300		Frank McCoy	27 00
¾ of 196		Packer & Lucas	9 85
		BURNSIDE TOWNSHIP.	
415		James Black	6 25
433	163	Robert Brady	6 53
433	163	William P Brady	13 25
433	163	John Brady	6 53
433	163	Alexander Bell	26 42
433	153	William Bingham	64 97
415		John Boyd	12 70
433	163	John Byers	25 97
433	163	William Cook	13 25
433	163	John Cowden	13 25
433	163	William Dewart	6 53
433	163	John Dewart	6 53
433	163	Henry Donnelly	6 53
433	163	Samuel M Fox	13 00
433	163	Robert Gray	6 53
433	163	William Gray	6 53
433	163	Thomas Grant	13 25
433	163	Alexander Greaves	13 00
433	163	Charles Gobon	6 53
433	163	Thomas Hamilton	13 00
433	153	George Harrison	64 97
433	163	John H usel	13 25
433	153	Pierson Hunt	64 97
433	163	Alexander Hunter	26 42
433	163	John Kidd	6 53
433	163	John Lyon	13 25
433	153	Blair McLanahan	64 97
433	153	George McLanahan	64 97
433	153	Polly McLanahan	64 97
433	153	Ann McLanahan	64 97
433	153	George Mead	64 97
200		William Miller	6 00
433	163	Joseph Morris	13 00
433	153	John Nicholson	64 97
276	83	Jeremiah Parker	6 44
433	153	Andrew Petitt	64 97
433	163	Henry Shaffer	13 25
433	163	Samuel Scott	13 00
415		John Shym	12 47
415		Sarah M Talman	12 47
423	153	Teuch Francis	64 97
433	163	James Towers	6 53
415		Joseph J Wallace	5 65
433	163	Joseph Wallace	13 00
415		John Wetzel	12 30
415		Jacob Weldner	50 63
433	163	Bird Wilson	13 00
433	163	Samuel Young	26 42
433	163	Benjamin Young	13 00
		CURTIN TOWNSHIP.	
434		Robert Ainesley	20 83
415		Charles Allen	7 30
576		Samuel Baird	9 01
188		William P Brady	1, 76
337		Lindley Coats	8 04
150		Paul Custer	3 61
30		John Curtin	4 32
71	131	Roland Curtin	16 11
434	163	Abijah Davis	41 55
¾ of 311		Peter Denaven	11 37
105		Joseph Devling	5 07
434		Joseph Devling	20 85
135		Henry Donald	25 92
¾ of 371		Cadwalader Evans	11 37
415		William Fillott	19 93
415		Esther Eddy	69 33
415		Robert Gray	9 97
415		William Gray	9 97
415		William Gilbert	39 84
360		Martha Godfrey	86 40
360	142	John W Godfrey	28 80
120		Peter Hahn	2 88
415		Susan Hahn	9 97
433	120	Charles Hall	5 91
60		Ed Hallowell	8 64
433		Joseph Higby or Bigbe	41 55
142		Thomas Humphrey	3 39
203		James Irwin	14 61
380¾		Joseph Kelso	36 48
403		Rebecca Kelso	38 67
409		Joseph Kelso	19 20
200		Mary Lane	14 40
150		Sarah Lane	43 20
207½		Caleb Lawns	14 86
207½		Isaac Longstreth	14 86
207½		Caleb Lawns	14 86
207½		Isaac Longstreth	14 86
70		John S Mason	6 72
415		John McCauley	14 40
200		Philip Meyers	28 80
100		Simon Meyers	14 40
420	48	Michael Meyers	60 48
420	48	Valentine Meyers	60 48
196		James Miller	14 13
400		William P Mitchell	19 20
434		William P Mitchell	20 75
220		William P Mitchell	10 56
200		John P Mitchell	13 02
313	112	Ellis L Orvis	15 02
434		J W Packer	20 83
42		J W Packer	2 03
15		J W Packer	37
325		J W Packer	15 63
110		William M Packer	5 28
53		Cline Quigley	1 44
100		Peter Smith	12 00
433	153	Samuel Scott	41 55
433	163	Mary Tallman	20 85
200		Richard Tunis	4 80
200		Richard Tunis	3 84
217		Fishburn Wharton	10 43
217		Fishburn Wharton	10 43
160		Jonathan Willis	3 80
415		Casper Wister	56 40
433	163	James White	31 18
461		William Yardley	11 04
		FERGUSON TOWNSHIP.	
150		A Barton Sloat (owner)	11 25
		GREGG TOWNSHIP.	
40		James Barber	1 48
2-5 of 40		Henry Haines	27
2-5 of 40		Henry Haines	14
2-5 of 40		Henry Haines	14
2-5 of 40		Henra Haines	14
400		William Logan	14 80
400		John Painter	14 80
400		William Taggert	14 80
400		Davis Taggert	14 80
		HAINES TOWNSHIP.	
400		Thomas Barr	6 50
400	60	Margaret Barr	6 60
313		John Barron	2 25
87		John Barron	82
400		James Barr	6 50
406	60	Mary Barr	6 60
400	60	Ebenezer Branham	3 25
246		Henry Beck	2 33
400	60	John Bell	3 25
154		Henry Beck	2 87
344	16	John Bolinder	5 60
338	60	Henry Bolinder	5 52
325	60	Frederick Bolinder	5 30
213	16	Adam Bolinder	5 12
400	60	John Boyle	3 25
400	60	Thomas Carstance	3 25
406		John Craig	3 28
400	60	John Darr, Jr	3 25
408	78	John Darr	3 30
408	70	Leonard Darr	3 30
382	163	Peter Epler	12 45
438		Andrew Epler	14 23
181		Jacob Fees	1 47
400		Bernard G atz	2 25
250		H Gillman & S Snyder	18 75
262	140	H Gillman & S Snyder	28 00
435		Charles Hall	21 22
437	108	John Hartman	6 84
430	103	Robert Irwin	7 90
400	126	Margaret Irwin	6 50
400		Margaret Jenks	6 50
400		Mary Jenks	6 50
418	99	George Kreamer	26 92
106		Lowery	82
228	150	William Mosby	1 87
200		William Parker	1 63
200		William Parker	1 63
400	60	William Phillips	3 25
400		James Rand	6 50
400		James Row	6 50
449	70	Charlotte Rustin	3 58
428	80	Thomas Rustin	6 75
300	60	Albraight Swineford	4 88
170		Stover & Wolf	2 82
400		Simon Snyder	3 25
88		William Tidd	75
400	60	John Tidd	3 25
312		William Tidd	2 62
150		D Hensel (owner)	1 22
125		D Hensel (owner)	1 03
		HALF MOON TOWNSHIP.	
48		Daniel Beck	2 96
40	10	Peggy Shearer	2 80
44	11	Thomas Heyskill (owner)	5 96
		HARRIS TOWNSHIP.	
196		J C Fisher	3 54
400		James Forbes	3 60
400		Wm Harrison	3 60
150		John Irwin	1 34
400		James Reed	3 60
100		Samuel Young	90
107	104	Samuel Brown	8 36
40		Paul Custin	12 15
200		Samuel Custin	24 30
208		John W Godfrey	26 38
50		A D Harris	2 02
		HUSTON TOWNSHIP.	
433	163	James Baxter	3 26
433	163	John Price	3 26
433	163	John Rollington	3 26
433	163	John Wheeland	3 26
		LIBERTY TOWNSHIP.	
406	120	Ebenezer Benham	16 70
805	120	John Dunwoody	12 51
166		Robert & James Hays	21 79
175		William Hays	4 60
175		George D Hess	10 75
309	03	Robert Irwin	25 33
398	80	Robert Irwin	16 31
310		Jeremiah Jackson	25 42
150		Peter Lytle	6 15
175		James A Quigley	10 75
406	120	Steven Stevenson	24 99
		MARION TOWNSHIP.	
50		William Allison	4 30
42	06	John Carman	2 70
420		Robert Irwin	55 34
413¼		Jeremiah Jackson	53 28
17		Thomas Lewis	5 56
35		J M McKinney	3 79
70		Christ Rohrer	22 59
50		W A Thomas	16 14
50		Jacob Deitz (owner)	4 30
50		William Tilghman (owner)	16 14
50		C M Bower (owner)	16 14
19		I S Frain (owner)	6 42
28		John Zeigler (owner)	9 03
60		Simon Yarger	5 14
60		Simon Yarger	5 14
		MILES TOWNSHIP.	
420		Robert Brady	6 47
410		Hannah Brady	6 17
235		Jane Brady	3 86
200		John Brady	2 00
440		William P Brady	6 60
299		William P Brady	4 33
286		James Black	4 29
75		William Barton	56
424		George Calhoun	6 38
365		John Cowden	5 49
50		John Cowden	77
150		William Cooper	2 27
427		William Dewart	6 41
125		John Dorsey	1 80
320		Joseph Fearon	4 80
130	23	Simon Gratz	1 97
200		Robert Gray	1 50
429		Robert Gray	6 63
476		Thomas Grant	7 12
440		James Hepburn	6 60
150		John Housel	1 12
495		Peter Housel	6 09
460		Alexander Hunter	6 90
430		Jeremiah Jackson	6 47
400		Richard Lake	6 00
300		Aaron Levy	2 50
402	134	William Miles	6 06
425		Samuel Norton	6 59
390		William Parker	4 50
324		Richard Parker	5 04
324		Jeremiah Parker	4 81
419		John Reese	6 26
125		William Stedman	1 87
200		Thomas Smith	3 00
100		Abraham Scott	1 50
50		Samuel Scott	77
150		Abraham Scott	2 27
90		Samuel Scott	1 37
130		Robert Taggart	1 77
425		Henry Toland	6 39
125		Wharton Moore	1 89
425		David Williams	6 39
		PATTON TOWNSHIP.	
100		Henry Gross	5 56
		PENN TOWNSHIP.	
300	150	Adam Bolinder	2 98
383		William Cook	11 19
		POTTER TOWNSHIP.	
400		William P Brady	4 31
298		Mary Bound	3 02
81	111	Alexander Cameron	80
138	134	George Foust	1 50
195		H B Fulmer	2 00
300		Edward Garigus	3 02
400		William Garigus	3 02
400		William Harrison	7 02
45		Jacob Kusteborder	51
100		Shires & Fullmer	3 30
327		S & A Scott	3 02
		SPRING TOWNSHIP.	
216	44	William McClure	20 38
186	115	John Purdon	5 84
300		Catharine Robison	9 45
300		Rebecca Robison	9 45
150		Richard Robison	3 66
80		Jasper Brooks (owner)	6 30
100		J Gordon (owner)	3 15
		SNOW SHOE TOWNSHIP.	
433		Andrew Bayard	129 80
433	153	William Bingham	51 95
433	153	Felix Brunt	51 95
433	153	George Campbell	51 95
412	44	David Carscadden	49 40
413	44	David Carscadden	49 40
287	80	David Carscadden	34 44
433	153	Paul Cox	51 95
433	153	Thomas Cuthbert	51 95
433	153	D H Cunningham	103 93
60		George Clymer	7 20
433	153	Sharp Delaney	51 95
300		Joseph Devling	18 00
218		Samuel Dobson	13 05
435		George Eddy	26 04
200		Thomas Fitzsimmons	24 00
60		Robert Gray	7 20
383		James T Hale	45 95
50		James T Hale	2 42
432	153	Thomas Hawthorn	51 95
433	153	James Hawthorn	51 95
433	158	William Lewis	51 95
433	152	William Lewis (lawyer)	51 95
433		Samuel Linn	51 95
353		John Ligget	42 35
200		J Z Long	24 00
200		J Z Long	24 00
433	153	Jasper Maylan	51 95
433	153	Edward Mayston	51 95
433		James McManus	51 95
433	153	Blair McLanahan	51 95
433	153	George Mead	51 95
433	153	William McPherson	51 95
433	153	M T shillkea	51 95
400		N J Mitchell	48 00
409	73	N J Mitchell	49 07
433	120	Luke Misner	51 95
433		Benjamin R Morgan	26 04
433	153	Robert Morris	51 95
368	71	John M Nesbit	89 03
½ of 433	153	J P Norris	17 27
433	153	William Parker	26 04
433		George Parker	51 95
216		Jeremiah Parker	12 02
300		John Pim	43 20
360	144	Hugh Pim	43 20
300		Job Reiley	45 00
360	144	John Reiley	43 20
433	153	Thomas L Shippen	51 95
433	153	Edward Scott	51 95
433	153	Benjamin H Tallman	26 04
162		Joseph Tomkins	19 44
433	153	A S Valentine	51 95
433	153	Rebecca Wain	26 04
433	153	Moore Wharton	51 95
433	153	Elizabeth Wharton	26 04
433	163	Kearney Wharton	51 95
½ of 433	153	Mary Wharton	14 40
433	153	Francis West	51 95
433	153	Benjamin West	51 95
265		Francis West	15 91
433	153	William H West	26 04
433	153	John West	26 04
169		Francis West	10 15
433		Bird Wilson	51 95
		RUSH TOWNSHIP.	
164	10	James Allison	16 22
433	153	John Allison	83 26
328		James Allison	68 22
250		Andrew Allison	52 00
300		And Allison & John Lilly	62 40
327	10	Andrew Armstrong	5 64
40	10	Richard Atherton	6 24
433	153	Paul Black	62 40
440		John Black	67 60
433	163	David Beveridge	5 64
433	153	Peter Brutzman	112 58
433	163	John Boreland	67 60
433	153	Paul Bush	67 60
433	163	John Bush	67 60
400		James Busn	20 80
433	163	John Burg	10 40
433	163	Samuel Chestnut	2 08
433		John Copenhaver	10 40
433	153	John Copenhaver	26 00
217		Copen aver & Whitcome	80 70
217		John Cunningham	26 78
6		George Clymer	5 20
323		George Campbell	8 20
433	153	Thomas Cuthbert	15 60
433	163	Sharp Delaney	5 64
409		Frederick Dorsh	39 00
433	153	William Deatler	22 52
433	153	Thomas Edwards	112 58
433	163	Daniel Ehler	33 80
433	153	Daniel Fitzgerald	33 80
433	153	John Funk	11 26
250		Thomas Fitzsimmons	13 00
217		Sabastian Graff	56 42
433	153	Andrew Graff	22 58
216	156	Thomas Grant	56 16
433	153	Thomas Grant	33 84
433	153	William Gray	76 78
433	163	James Glentworth	6 64
50		Elizabeth Groe	2 60
100		Robert Gray	5 20
433	153	John Gundaker	22 52
433	153	Michael Gundaker	22 52
433	153	Christian Hair	16 90
426	164	Christian Hair, Jr	16 64
433	153	David Hair	16 90
433	153	John Hambright	22 58
216	156	Thomas Hamilton	56 16
433	153	Hugh Hamilton	22 52
433	153	John Hand	16 90
433		John Harrison	26 78
150		Joseph Harrison	38 00
433	153	Hugh Hamilton	22 52
75		Joseph Harrison	3 90
112		George M Hartline	4 48
½ of 433	163	Joseph Hopkins	56 20
433	153	John Huber	16 90
433	153	Robert Irwin	112 58
433	153	Robert Irwin	22 52
433	15	Owden Jordon	22 52
433	163	John Keiley	67 60
100		Robert King	20 80
2200		James T Laird	228 80
433	163	George Latimer	5 64
136	63	William G Latimer	1 77
15		Casper Lawrence	78
433	153	Christian Lenhore	7 00
313	106	John Lowden	2 22
433	153	Richard Lowden	33 80
433	153	John Lowden	33 84
433	153	Leslie Malone	11 28
433	163	Edward Mayston	5 64
200		William McPherson	2 60
433	153	John Miller	16 00
433	163	Jacob Miller	16 90
433	163	Martha McConnell	5 64
433	153	George Mead	22 52
433	153	B R Morgan	22 52
217		John Musser	56 42
217		George Musser (Smith)	56 42
407	137	Christian Musser	21 22
6		Ellen Nelson	2 08
323		Hugh Patton	8 40
433	153	Richard Peters	22 52
433	153	Henry Pinkerton	33 80
150	11	Hardman Phillips	39 00
177	84	Hardman Phillips	27 60
216	80	Robert Rainey	36 10
433	153	Thomas Reese	112 58
433	153	Christian Rohrer	16 90
405	47	Jacob Rush	63 18
433	153	Benjan in Rush	33 84
433	153	Casper Shafner	67 60
433	153	Andrew Shenk	16 90
433	153	Christian Shenk	16 90
433	153	Michael Shenk	16 90
247	16	Jacob Steke	9 64
433	153	Robert Spear	67 60
433	153	Mary Smith	11 28
167	07	George Slough	6 50
½ of 433	153	John Stoner	56 29
219		Andrew Scott	8 53
2.0		Joseph Stroud	10 40
433	153	Paul Such	66 60
433	164	John Such	67 60
406		Barbara Snyder	63 34
433	153	George Slough	22 52
433	153	George Slough	22 52
6		John Nelson (owner)	1 56
433	163	Kearney Wharton	67 60
122	44	John Weidman	19 02
402	116	Jacob Weidman	62 70
312		Joseph Wells	48 66
50		John Wells	2 60
250		Paul Wells	13 00
168		John Wilson	5 62
75		William Wilson	15 60
433	153	William Wilson	112 58
313	106	John Witner	24 44
		TAYLOR TOWNSHIP.	
76		George Ashutes	7 61
100		Jacob Beck	25 00
400		William Bell	119 00
250		Clement Beckwith	75 00
152		William Bell	39 61
100		J C Bell	10 00
50		A M Elder	17 50
434		Hugh Hamilton	65 00
433	163	Elizabe h Hoffman	65 00
433	163	Leslie Malone	65 00
434		W W Montgomery	32 55
434		John Montgomery	32 55
433	163	John McCommond	65 00
123		Ridgway, Budd & Co. tract 1,	18 46
180		" " " tract 2,	27 00
189		" " " tract 18,	47 25
141		" " " tract 8,	21 15
219		" " " tract 12,	52 50
160		John Sherick	10 00
198		John W Thomas	6 39
438		John W Thomas	21 89
119		John W Thomas	28 81
100		John W Thomas	10 00
100		George Cowher (owner)	10 00
100		Michael Weigner	25 00
100		Michael Weidner	25 00
60		Joseph Yoder	15 00
398¼

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, APRIL 27., 1882.

DEININGER & BUMILLER,

Editors and Proprietors.

Local Department.

—Dr. Stam is transforming the black, unsightly old smithy into a commodious, fine-looking dwelling house.

—Last week we had what we hope may prove the last instalment of winter weather—cold, stormy and snow squalls.

JUMPING ROPE.—Clara Brooks, aged eleven, of Cincinnati, jumped a rope 200 times last Monday and became seriously ill. She died on Tuesday morning.

PHOSPHATE.—John H. Musser keeps constantly on hand at Coburn Station a superior quality of phosphate, which he sells in large or small quantities at most reasonable prices. tf

—Our town was quite lively last week. Our squires and constables, assisted by several Bellefonte lawyers, had about all the business they could handle.

CHEAP FOR CASH.—A lot of Notary seals—good as new, can be bought in Millheim cheap for cash. For particulars inquire at the JOURNAL OFFICE or post office.

—Rev. E. D. Keen, who travels McClure circuit, Snyder county, was home to visit the old folks and other friends. Man looks well, is at home in his noble work, and is a promising young minister.

—D. F. Fortney and J. W. Gephart, Esqrs., two of the ablest lawyers from Bellefonte, were last Thursday taking evidence in the matter of the remonstrance of some of our citizens against license.

—Some friends of the Aaronsburg Lutheran congregation recently remembered their pastor with a very hand some cane. The cordial thanks of the recipient are hereby returned to the donors.

—J. A. Limbert, the mail contractor on the route betwen Coburn and Woodward, is prepared to carry express packages and other goods to all points along the route at reasonable charges. All business entrusted to him will be punctually attended to.

—W. R. Ettlinger, of Woodward, will have sale of all his personal property, two building lots and lumber for a house, on Saturday, May 6th. This will be a good opportunity to buy splendid furniture, carpets and other household goods. 2t

WANTED.—The undersigned wishes to secure a man who will either rent his blacksmith shop, two miles west of Woodward, and carry on the business, or work for him as a hand. For particulars apply to

4t J. M. WEAVER.

—Sheriff Dunkle was in town last week to see our insurance men on official business. He also called at the JOURNAL OFFICE, but fortunately had no *writs* for us this time. The Sheriff is gaining golden opinions among our people as a conscientious, efficient and faithful public officer.

—A fine line of Family Bibles, Presentation Bibles, Photograph Albums Velvet Frames, French Vases, Beautiful Scrap Pictures, Paper Boxes, and a great variety of Fancy Goods generally Splendid S. School, Day School and Visiting and other Cards—all very cheap, at the Journal Store. tf

—Chamber Suits,
Parlor Suits,
Lounges,
Chairs,
Tables, or

any other articles in the furniture line, of the latest style, best make and lowest price, at Camp's Furniture store, Centre Hall.

—Our old friend George W. Holloway, of Burbank, Ohio, in renewing his subscription writes:—"We have fine, growing weather. Prospects for a fruit crop are good. Wheat fields look well, money and labor are plenty, business is booming and everything is in a prosperous condition. I tell you Ohio is a good state to live in if it is Republican."

Real glad to hear it all, but George should relieve the suspense and anxiety of the country by stating whether a new crop of prospective presidents has been planted, how they grow and whether they are of the stalwart, Blaine or *independent* race.

—The undersigned will offer at private sale, between now and the 1st of May, the following personal property, to wit:

1 "New Jasper" heater, with fixtures; 1 "Flora" range, in good condition; 1 Child's crib, as good as new; 1 buggy harness & fly-net; 2 horse blankets, one of which is gum; 1 strap of sleighbells; 1 pitch-fork, long-handled, good as new; 1 wood saw, buffalo robe.

Persons who will have need for articles of above description, either now or next Fall, will find here a good chance to buy at a low figure. Call & see, at Reformed parsonage, Aaronsbug, Pa.

C. W. E. SIEGEL.

2t

—The Lutheran Ladies' Mite Society will meet at Mr. Charles Frankenberger's, Saturday afternoon, 29th instant.

—A post office called Emmaus, has been established at Millmont, Union, and A. A. Royer is the new post master.

—Lebanon is to have a bolt and nut factory, York a thread factory, Dillsburg a chain factory,—now what will Millheim get in the manufactoring line?

—Mr. W. E. Gann, who had a music store here, and may also be considered the founder of our cornet band, some years ago, was back to pay Millheim a visit last week. He is still in the organ business and has his headquarters at Williamsport.

—Dr. P. T. Musser, administrator of the estate of John D. Foote, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will be present at the store of the deceased every Wednesday afternoon and every Saturday, when and where all persons having unsettled accounts or other business with the estate are urgently requested to call. 3t

—Gen. Stephen A. Hurlbut, United States Minister resident in Peru, died very suddenly at Lima, March 27th. He was in excellent health up to the day of his death, and was busily engaged in making arrangements for his departure to the United States. The General's family, who resided with him, are very much grief stricken.

—The rush at Lewin's Philadelphia Branch Clothing Store, Bellefonte, continues unabated, but Lewin is not the man to permit his stock to go *down*, if his prices are *down* to the very lowest figure. Hold up in buying your spring supplies. You will go to Bellefonte some time before long, and then you can call at Lewin's and be *suited* exactly. That's your best way. 2t

A BUSY PLACE.—One of the busiest places in Penns Valley is the MILLHEIM MARBLE WORKS. Fine monuments and elegant head stones are made in the best style of the art and in quick succession. The establishment has earned a reputation for good work and fair dealings second to none in this part of the state, and has a wide spread and increasing patronage. tf

MORE RAILROAD TALK.—The following dispatch we cut from the New York Sun of yesterday:

WILKESARRE, April 17.—There is good authority for saying that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company intends to bridge the Susquehanna river at Danville, and run the Sunbury, Hazleton & Wilkesbarre branch of the road to connect with the Philadelphia and Erie Road at Milton, and with the Lewisburg & Spruce Creek Road at Lewisburg, thus making direct western and northwestern connections.

—Chief Burgess Powers, of Bellefonte, has opened a campaign against corner loafing and seems determined to suppress the evil. We hope he may fully succeed, and that his example will be followed by burgesses of other towns. The following is Mr. Powers' official notice:

NOTICE.

All persons found lounging or loitering in crowds on the bridges within the limits of the borough of Bellefonte, or about the corners of the streets, or gathering in crowds so as to obstruct the free passage of pedestrians will be arrested and dealt with according to law. All law abiding citizens are hereby warned to desist from this practice.

A reward of five dollars will be paid for such information as will lead to the arrest and conviction of any person or persons who shall, contrary to law, destroy or deface this or any other posted notice.

JOHN POWERS, Chief Burges.

THE ROYCE REAPER.—I hereby make known to the farmers of Centre county that I intend as heretofore to ship reapers on trial to all who wish to buy. I ask no one to sign any contract but all will have a fair trial before buying. The Royce must stand or fall on its own merits. For simplicity of construction, lightness of draft, ease of management and efficiency of work it stands unrivaled. For further information I respectfully refer to men who have used it—Jacob Kerstetter, Daniel E. Gentzel, Jacob J. Gentzel, Coburn Post Office, and others.

Apply to

LEMUEL CAMPBELL
Sunbury, Pa., or
W L BRIGHT J H. MUSSER, solicitors
Aaronsburg, Pa.
1m

COMPLIMENTS TO GERMANS.—Recently we received a letter from an old friend, a prominent minister who traveled extensively in Europe last summer. He gives the Germans the following unstinted compliment.

"It is useless for me to try to tell you how much I enjoyed my tour through the old world, and especially in the "Vaterland." The Germans stand head and shoulders above all the nations of Europe. I never enjoyed a people as much as these whole-souled brothers of the blood. For thrift, true politeness and disinterested kindness I give the Germans the palm; and not only for this, but also for sobriety and good behaviour. People must no longer tell me that the Germans are a drinking people. It is not true, in the sense it is meant. The English are a drinking people and drunkards too. I did not see a single intoxicated person in Germany or Switzerland, but hundreds in England and Scotland."

—The country is about to be flooded with a book which will do an untold amount of harm—the life and history of the notorious murderer and bandit Jesse James, who was recently shot by one of his own band. Its publication should be suppressed as far as possible, for it will be read by thousands of bad boys who will learn by it how to put villainous plans into execution, and the gallows will reap a plentiful harvest by its influence.—*Lewisbury, Chronicle.*

That's our mind exactly on the matter. It is truly deplorable that so many christian people allow such horrid, demoralizing stuff to enter their homes. They might as well and as safely invest some money in buying venomous serpents for house pets, or have bomb shells or dynamite in profusion for ornaments on parlor tables. If young folks once acquire a taste for such low and pernicious literature they will seldom return to a course of reading that instructs, cultivates and improves the mind. Your habitual cheap novel, murder, blood-and-thunder-story reader, will seldom, if ever, read anything solid and good. The minds of such move on in the lowest grooves of thought and to thousands it is the road to crime and ruin. Let parents who have the good of their children at heart see to it that all books of this class be kept out of their reach.

Worth Trying.

The Scientific American gives the following as a sure mode to exterminate rats. We suggest that some one try it and give the result to the public:

"We clean our premises of the detestable vermin, rats, by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stone and rafters with it. In every crevice in which a rat may go we put the crystals of the copperas and scatter in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rats or mice has been heard around the house. Every spring a coat of yellow wash is given the cellar as a purifier, as a rat exterminator, and no typhoid, disentery, or fever attacks the family. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats in the neighborhood by leaving the fruits and vegetables uncovered in the cellar, and sometimes even the soap is left open for their regalement. Cover up everything eatable in the cellar and pantry and you will soon starve them out. These precautions joined to the service of a good cat, will prove as good a rat exterminator as the chemist can provide. We never allow rats to be poisoned in our dwelling. They are so apt to die between the walls and produce much annoyance."

The Street Loafer.

A Sunbury man gives the following graphic pen picture of the street loafer. It is true to life and will be recognized at sight anywhere. Sunbury may have more than its quota of the loafer element, but it abounds all over, in every town we ever saw. What can be done against the evil?

The street loafer is one of Sunbury's town institutions. He is as necessaey for the carrying on of business as a crowd is to a dog fight. He should be voted a pension by the town council for the faithful and constant perseverance with which he so jealously guards the property and franchises of our men of business, and the clothing men ought to give him a unanimous vote of thanks for his generosity in offering them "dummies" at a low figure.

The street loafer is an intelligent individual. He can perceive the signs of the times with unerring accuracy and knows more about political economy in a day than Horace Greeley could scrape up in a century. A regular walking encyclopedia of municipal affairs, what he don't know about running the borough wouldn't last Andy Brice over night. At election time he is a great necessity, acting as a sewer for carrying off all the bad whiskey accumulating on the hands of innocent landlords since last election and which, otherwise, might break its confines and flood the country, leaving death and destruction in its wake.

The street loafer always likes to strike a nice sunny day, a clean pavement and a big plug tobacco. With these three elements to commence with he is supremely happy and don't care a picayune whether school keeps or not. His head resembles, in one respect, a magnetic needle—invariably turning on its pivot at the passing of an attractive body (with, perhaps, the difference that a magnetic needle is seldom made of wood.) He is always on the look out for "something to turn up." And yet when something suddenly does turn up it scarers him so badly that it has ridden over him and vanished into the distance before he can grab at it.

On Sunday the street loafer feels a heavy responsibility resting upon him to be in good working order. The day when other people rest from their every-day vocations he gets his biggest licks. Around the church doors is his bonanza and there he constitutes himself a committee to block the sidewalk, create a jam and otherwise destroy the impressions just received by his more religious fellow men.

The street loafer is a privileged character. No one ever thinks of arresting him. Enough of a vagabond to be a disgrace to the community, he is not quite rascal enough to be put to jail. He is the person who "harms no one" and consequently "has no enemies."

HOUSE CLEANING MACHINE.—We are arthorized by a gentleman who is fully able to make his promise good, to offer a reward of $50,000, for a house cleaning machine. This sum will be paid down cash to any one, Yankee or Southron, Caucasian or Mongolian, christain or heathen, who will construct such a machine that fills the bill, and sign over all his right, title and interest to our man. The "masheen" must be of the light running order—something like a sewing machine, so that a *woman* can work the treadle or turn the crank. It must be able to take up and shake the carpets tack them down again, straight and nice, cleanest side up. It must shine up and remove the stoves and *fix* the pipe, sweep off the cob webs, white wash the walls, scrub the floors, dust off the pictures and mirrors, take out, wash and replace the windows, fill the chaff ticks with fresh, clean straw, and do many other little odd jobs "to tedious to insert." In short the concern our man wants and for which he is willing to pay such a princely sum, must clean a house and replace all the furniture complete from garret to cellar. Then the machine must be well-behaved, must continue in a sweet, rosy humor all the time it works, dare not grumble at old mother Eve, who is generally blamed for all our woes, and above all the machine must never get mad and swear, for no christain family would endure such a thing in the house.

Here is a chance for a fortune. Competitors must of course make their own plans, drawings and specifications.

—The following is the programme of exercises for the Sunday School Convention which meets at Aaronsburg next Tuesday evening:

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 2d.

7.30 P. M. Devotional Exercises.
Address of Welcome—Mr. W. H. Stover, Superintendent of the Aaronsburg Sunday School.
Response—Rev. J. M. Reimensnyder President of Convention.
Children's Mass Meeting—Opening Addresses by Rev. P. A. Heilman of Lock Haven. Voluntary Addresses.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 3d

From 8.00—8.15 A. M. Devotional Exercises.
From 8.15—9.15. Organization; Election; Reports from Schools, &c.
From 9.15—10.15. Discussion of Question: Branches of Instruction to be Taught in Sunday Schools—Opened with an Essay by Mr. J. R. Elliott, of Milroy, or Alternate, Mr. J. W. Horton, of Belleville.
From 10.15—10.45. Discussion of the Question: The Objects of Sunday School Instruction. Opened with an Essay by Rev. S. E. Furst, of Bellefonte, or Alternate, Rev. W. B. Glanding, of Newport.
From 10.45—11. 15. Discussion of the Question: A Teacher's Best Helps in Giving Instructions in Sunday School. Opened with an Essay by Mr. B. O. Deininger, of Millheim, or Alternate, Mr G. R. Frysinger, of Lewistown.
Promiscuous Business and Adjournment.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

2.00 P. M. Devotional Exercises and Unfinished Business.
From 2 15 2.45. Discussion of the Question: Methods of Instruction in Sunday Schools. Opened with an Essay by Hon. P. Kurtz, of Centre Hall, or Alternate, Mr. H. Y. Stitzer, of Bellefonte.
From 2.45—3.25. Discussion of the Question: The Manner of Receiving Instruction in Sunday Schools. Opened with an Essay by Rev A. H. Spangler, of New Bloomfield, or Alternate, Rev. H. C. Shindle, of Port Royal.
From 3.15—4.15. Discussion of the Question: Benefits of Sunday School Instruction. Opened with an Essay by Mr. Bidleman, of Mifflintown, or Alternate, Mr. Wm. Dale, of Pleasant Gap.
From 4.15—4.45. Discussion of the Question: Defects in Sunday School Instruction. Opened with an Essay by Rev. F. Aurand, of Loysville, or Alternate, Rev. S. Henry, of Mifflinburg.
From 4.45 to Adjournment: Question Box.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

7.30 P. M. Devotional Exercises.
Discussion of the Question: The Relation of Sunday School Instruction to Missions, Home and Foreign. Opened by Rev. J. W Goodlin, Secretary of B. H. M. Voluntary Addresses.
Closing Addresses and Adjournment.

"PENNSYLVANIA'S ROLL OF HONOR."

WHO SHALL BE FIRST?

We desire to call the attention of residents of this county to the following original, and highly interesting, and liberal offer made in Pennsylvania's new literary paper, the **Oriental Casket**, just received, and which can be examined by any of our readers who may call at this office. Within a week or two we will announce through the columns of this paper the name of the first subscriber from each of Pennsylvania's sixty-seven counties, in the order received by Mr. Smith, entitling each of the sixty-seven persons to membership to "PENNSYLVANIA'S ROLL OF HONOR," and a year's subscription to the **Oriental Casket** free. We have often wondered why Pennsylvanians have not heretofore supported a publication such as the **Oriental Casket** bids fair to be. This grand old State is greatly behind in this respect, and if its people have any pride left for home enterprise, they will not go to New York or Boston hereafter for their pure and wholesome reading matter.

The names of L. LUM SMITH, as publisher, and EMERSON BENNET, as editor-in-chief, are sufficient guarantees that the magazine will achieve a grand success.

"For the first letter mailed from either of Penn's sixty-seven counties, which we receive and open, containing a subscription of TWO DOLLARS *in cash, stamps, postoffice order, or check, we agree to add the subscriber's name to* PENNSYLVANIA'S ROLL OF HONOR, *publish it in the* **Oriental Casket**, *return the* TWO DOLLARS *by registered letter, with a complimentary subscription certificate also enclosed, and send our magazine for one year, from Jan. to Dec. 1882 free of any charge whatever, with a subscribers full privileges to compete in the Eight $125 Month.y Lexiconic Orthography Contests, Aggregating $1000.*

We shall often editorially call PENNSYLVANIA'S ROLL OF HONOR, *to see how many, like Napoleon,s guard. still hold out. So hurry up the first subscription, not next week, not tomorrow, not to-day. but now, this very moment, and find a place on the* ROLL OF HONOR, *and a treat to good literature, as well as the lasting supreme satisfaction of having your name, and brief history and g neral family events, recorded in the beautiful pages of the* **Oriental Casket**, *besides having it said, by your friends, that you were the first in your county to recognize a good thing. Mail the letter direct to us yourself, that it may not be delayed for anothers to reach us in advance of yours. Address all orders to "THE ORIENTAL CASKET, 912 Arch St., Phila., Pa."*

Millheim Market.

Corrected every Wednesday by Gephart & Musser.

Wheat	1.25
Corn	85
Rye	90
Oats White	50
Buckwheat	
Flour	6.50
Bran & Shorts, per ton	25 00
Salt, per Brl	1.75
Plaster, ground	9.00
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
Barley	
Tymothyseed	2.00
Flaxseed	
Cloverseed	4.00 to 5.00
Butter	32
Hams	16
Sides	9
Veal	
Pork	
Beef	
Eggs	15
Potatoes	1 00
Lard	12
Tallow	
Soap	6
Dried Apples	6
Dried Peaches	
Dried Cherries	

COAL MARKET AT COBURN.

Egg Coal	$5.00
Stove "	5.20
Chestnut	4.30
Pea	3.50
Pea by the car load	3.20

Fifty cents per ton additional when delivered in Millheim.

P. GEPHART D. A. MUSSER

GEPHART & MUSSER

DEALERS IN

Clover
Flour, &
Feed,
Coal,
Plaster
& Salt

MILLHEIM PA.,

Highest market price paid for all kinds of

GRAIN,

Delivered either at the BRICK MILL or at the old MUSSER MILL, in MILLHEIM.

COAL, PLASTER & SALT

Always on hand and sold at prices that defy competition.

A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. 39-1y

DR. J. W. STAM

is now permanently located at

MILLHEIM,

and will give prompt attention to all medic calls at his office in

C. F. Deininger's house on Main Street.

Try DR. STAM'S SPECIFIC PILE MEDICINE—it gives instant relief.

POTTERY

Millheim, Centre Co., Penna.

ULRICH & CO.,

PROPRIETORS,

would most respectfully inform the public that they are now prepared to manufacture everything in their line of first class quality. They have found a superior kind of clay and will constantly keep on hand a full line of

CROCKERY, BREAD & PIE DISHES, PLAIN & FANCY FLOWER POTS, STOVE COLLARS, &c.

ysHoping to merit the confidence of the public qd furnishing the best grade of ware they would spectfully solicit a share of its patronage. 1y

CENTRE HALL
Furniture Store.

WM. R. CAMP,
PROPRIETOR.

Walnut & Fanc Chamber Suits, Lounges. Bureaus, Bedsteads, Sinks, WASHSTANDS, Parlor Tables, Breakfast Tables, Extension Tables, Wood and Cane Seat Chairs, Mattresses, Spring Beds, and everything else in the Furniture line at the lowest prices. I hope to merit the patronage of the public by good work and moderate prices. Please call and see my stock before you go out of your own valley for your furniture. You can do fully as well at home as you can anywhere else.

TRY ME!

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

A THING OF BEAUTY,

IS A JOY FOREVER!

Our Large Spring Stock!!!

Comprises some of the most elegant and genteel styles of

SUITS!

We have ever offered, and while we have elevated the quality and style, we have

KEPT DOWN THE PRICE!

We have many advantages both in purchasing and handling goods, and we propose

To Give You the Benefit!

Always ahead in Low Prices and Good Goods, is what has directed the rush to our store for the past few years, and we intend to keep the crowd moving in that direction.

BY GIVING THE BEST GOODS!

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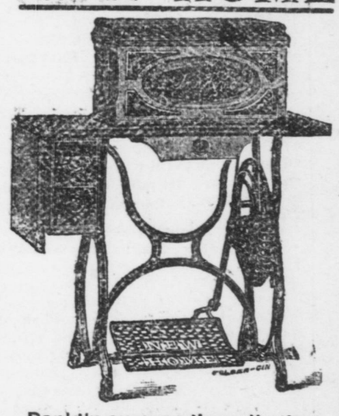

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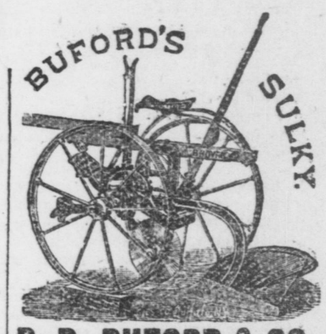

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BELLEFONTE, PA.

AGRICULTURAL.

CLOVER.—N. Griffin says there is no substitute for clover, so far as I know—nothing to take its place. It is better in its effect on land than any other forage plant. It is said that a good crop of clover—say such a crop as will yield two tons of cured hay from an acre—will leave an equal weight of roots for the soil. That is like a coat of manure. I am sorry to hear that clover is failing into disrepute, for its renovating power is greater than that of any other plant. Lately clover does better than in a few years past, so I hope we shall soon have all the old measure of success. Many years ago the farms in Duchess county used to give large crops of timothy and they were taken away and sold. Those farms are now exhausted—ruined because the crops were taken off. But clover is never all taken off when the roots are left. Forty-five years ago a great deal of timothy was raised in Tompkins county N. Y. and the land that produced it ran down under its production and the occupants had to turn their attention to clover. At first it was difficult to get it established, but little by little under its influence the lands grew better. Farmers had to ditch their lands as the first condition, then they used plaster, and at last got full crops of clover and better crops of grain, for their lands improved through clover. Hungarian grass has been tried, but, like timothy, when the crop is taken off nothing is left, and the soil becomes poor. The best crop is that which leaves most to the soil, and that is what clover does. I hope it will not lose its place in our farming, for there is no other plant so beneficial in its effect.

HORSES, MULES AND OXEN.—When thin steers, poor cows, and scrub stock generally, are very plenty and very cheap, hogs of all kinds and fat cattle are scarce and high-priced, and another kind of stock is more scarce still, and that is working horses and mules. For the last three or 4 years there has been a large demand for horses and mules, from the best to the poorest, and last summer it had increased so much that the loss of an eye, a curb or a spavin, would not prevent a sale, and unsound plugs sold last fall for nearly as much as sound common stock ten years ago. But this winter the price has been increased by the home demand for mule teams, if not to cultivate acreage, at least to do the work better, and it looks now as if the old army price in greenbacks will re-appear in gold in the course of the season. Already good, heavy mules and horses cannot be had at what are thought to be fair prices. Oxen are being substituted by those who own large herds of rough steers; and this may be a start in the direction of a partial substitution of oxen for horses for farm work.

FLOUR was formerly made by simply grinding wheat at one operation to the finest flour, and then separating by sieves the flour from the bran, necessarily grinding in much of the bran with flour and discoloring it, while much of the very best material was separated with the bran and lost. The later common method is to grind very coarsely the wheat several times, using strong blasts of air between each grinding to separate the bran from the granulated interior portion and at last crush it to the floor, relieved of all the bran. The new electric method consists in passing the middlings under revolving hard-rubber cylinders, electrified by contact with sheepskin. The particles of bran fly up to meet the rubber, from which they are turned off in a side channel, the purified middling, freed from bran, passing through rollers to become fine flour.

GOOD, strong grass land, which can be easily worked with improved tools in every favored locality in New England, is deemed by good judges, worth $100 per acre after clearing. If such lands are very rocky in a state of nature, the smaller rocks are sunk where they lie, below plowing depth, and the larger blown to pieces with dynamite and powder, and removed. The Yankee farmers are not ashamed to use energy and work hard, for their good markets reward them abundantly. Such work on the cheaper lands of the West and South would inevitably enrich all patient owners.

EXISTING orchards illustrate the varied opinions of orchardists relating to the distance trees should be planted apart. Thirty feet was considered sufficient for all purposes when I planted my orchard of ten acres twenty years ago, but we are gradually learning that to grow perfect fruit in size and color, plenty of sunshine, and a free circulation of air are important essentials, and as many are now practicing thirty-five or even forty feet apart is decidedly a preferable distance for a fully matured orchard.

THE brown Leghorns are looming up as winter layers. It is claimed that they are equal to the heavy-feathered fowls in that respect. The consideration, however, is that they must be kept very comfortable, and have a proportion of animal food. If exposed and unprotected they are liable to roup, and a sick fowl is the most unprofitable thing a farmer can have.

MANY dairymen practice milking their cows steadily without allowing the animals to go dry. They feed heavily on cornmeal and oil cake until the milk fails, when the cow is replaced by a fresh one. A dairyman who keeps 150 cows says such a practice is more profitable than to lose the time between their going dry and coming in.

NEVER delay feeding your fowls until they have gone to roost, as they are very apt to fly from the perch, and in their haste injure themselves.

OCCASIONAL sowing of little patches of ground with mustard, green peas, oats, etc, will do much to assist in keeping a cow on a small farm. They grow quickly and the same land will grow several crops. A little discretion in this way will save much expense as to keep as well as furnishing early green feed.

GREEN peas are early crops. Most persons prefer the dwarfs, but the tall varieties yield better. A fault with the dwarfs is that they furnish families growing them such few pickings. This is because they ripen nearly all at once. The better plan is to put them in the ground at intervals for a succession of crops.

SOME farmers think that a cow must eat all the time when confined in the stall. It is a poor economy which puts fresh hay in a manger on top of older hay. A little tossing of the hay left in the manger will dry it and make it seem of renewed niceness to cows or horses.

IT is a good thing to take a red hot cinder from the fire in an old pan and proceed to fumigate your hen-house by sprinkling sulphur on the hot coal, carrying it into various parts of the room. If the fowls are in, don't give them too big a dose.

IT is the best plan to have the perches in your fowl-house on a level, and then the fowls will not crowd to get on the highest perch,

DOMESTIC.

AS SOON as a wound is inflicted get a little stick—a knife or file handle will do—and commence to rap gently on the wound. Do not stop for the hurt, but continue until it bleeds freely and becomes perfectly numb. When this point is reached you are safe—all that is necessary is to protect it from the dirt. Do not stop short of the bleeding and the numbness, and do not on any account, close the opening with plaster. We have used and seen this used on all kinds of simple punctures for thirty years, and never knew a single instance of a wound becoming inflamed or sore after treatment as above. Among other cases: A coalrake tooth going entirely through the foot, a bad bite by a pig, several instances of file shank through the hands, and numberless cases of rusty nails, awls, etc., but we never knew a failure of this treatment. After the bleeding apply a little simple cerate on a clean cloth.

A Railroad Official Interviewed.

Not every one so cheerfully communicates his knowledge and opinions as recently did E. L. Loweree, Esq., cashier of the Cincinnati Southern Railway, that splendid outlet to the South from the Ohio. Our representative waited upon Mr. Loweree, and in reply to certain questions the latter gentleman observed: "I was suffering from a very severe attack of rheumatism in my right foot; it was in a terrible condition, the pain was almost intolerable; our family physician waited on me without success; I sent for another well-known M. D., but even the twain could do nothing for me; I could not get down here to my office to attend to my duties; in fact I could not put my foot under me at all, and after nine weeks suffering I began to grow desperate. My friend (whom, of course you know, for he is known by every-body), Mr. Stacey Hill, of the Mount Auburn Inclined Plane Railroad Co., called to see me; he spoke very highly of St. Jacobs Oil, and recommended the remedy to me in glowing terms. I laughed at the idea of using a proprietary medicine, and yet the party recommending, it, (Mr. Stacey Hill, remember), being a man of sound judgment, set me to thinking the matter over. The next day when the physicians called, I dismissed them, and said to myself I would let nature take its course. That resolution lasted just a day. On the following morning I, in a fit of desperation, sent a servant for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. I applied the wonderful remedy, and it penetrated me so that I thought my foot was about to fall off, but it did not; in fact it did just the opposite. The next morning the pain had entirely left my foot. the swelling was reduced, and really the appearance was so different altogether from the day before, that it actually surprised me. I applied more of the St. Jacobs Oil, and that afternoon I walked down here to the office, and was as well as any one. Let me say for St. Jacobs Oil *that it beats railroad time*, and is always sure to win.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

RICE MILANAISE STYLE.—Fry one ounce of butter (cost two cents) light brown; put into it half pound of rice (cost five cents) well picked over, but not washed, and one ounce of onion, chopped fine; stir and brown for five minutes, then add a pint of gravy from meat, season with a level teaspoonful of salt, quarter that quantity of pepper, and as much cayenne as you can take on the point of a very small penknife blade; the onion and seasoning will cost less than two cents; stew gently for fifteen minutes, stirring occasionally to prevent burning, and serve as soon as the rice is tender. This makes a palatable dish for about ten cents.

MACARONI AND HAM.—Take one-half pound of macaroni, put it in boiling salt and water, and cook for twenty minutes or until tender. Drain the macaroni, and put in cold water until you are ready to use it. Take a quarter of a pound of the lean of cold boiled ham, chop fine; take half a can of tomatoes, seasoned with salt and pepper; stew with a small onion; pass the tomatoes, when thoroughly done through a colander; thicken with a tablespoonful of butter, rubbed smooth. Lay the macaroni in a layer, spread on the chopped ham, add some of the tomato sauce, a little pepper, a little salt, and so on, until the dish is filled. Bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

From an extensive use of St. Jacobs Oil in the editor's family, we are able to speak confidently of its great worth in numerous ailments, and fully recommend it as an article most desirable to have on hand in the medicine chest.—*Stamford (Conn.) Herald.*

POOR MAN'S PLUM PUDDING.—Take Three cups of flour, one cup chopped suet, one cup stoned raisins, one-third cup molasses, one cup milk, one teaspoon of saleratus dissolved in the milk, half tea spoon of salt, one teaspoon each of allspice, cinnamon and cloves. Boil three hours. Serve with sauce as follows: One cup of sugar, half cup of butter, one egg, one tablespoon of flour, beat all together. When ready for the table pour in two-thirds cup boiling wine. Add nutmeg grated, and you will have a dish fit for a king, though planned for a poor man.

FIG PUDDING.—One pound of flour, six ounces fresh beef suet, with half tablespoonful of salt; and one pound figs, with one teaspoonful of baking powder. Chop the suet as fine as possible, remove all strings; mix well with the flour, salt and baking powder; make this into a paste with iced water, and roll out into a sheet; cut the figs into long slices, cover the paste with them, tie in a cloth, and boil in fast boiling water for two hours. Eat with a sauce

YORKSHIRT PUDDING.—A quarter of a pound of flour, with a quart of water or milk; three eggs, well beaten, to be mixed with it; pepper and salt; butter the pan; put it under the beef so as to catch the gravy; have it in a good big pan, so as to be thin. Cut in pieces when served with the beef, and arranged around the dish.

WARM SLAW.—Slice a head of cabbage fine; put it in a stew pan, with a little water, and scald well; sprinkle salt, pepper, and sugar over it; then take two-thirds of a teacup of vinegar, one-third of a teacup of water, one egg, one-half teaspoon of flour, well mixed together; pour it over the cabbage, and let it come to a boil, when it is ready for the table.

COLD SLAW.—Slice one head of cabbage very fine; sprinkle a little sugar and salt over it; then pound the cabbage. For the dressing, take half teacup of cream, whip it into a froth, add to it one teacup of vinegar; stir the dressing well through the cabbage.

LINCOLN CAKE.—One and one-half pounds sugar, one pound butter, one and three-fourths pounds flour, two pounds fruit, one pint sweet milk, one tablespoonful soda, six eggs, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful cloves, two teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one gill of brandy.

SALT will curdle new milk; hence, in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

THAT RICH EXPERIENCE.

A Free Press Interview Sustained and Its Source Revealed.

(Detroit Free Press.)

A few months ago an interview with a prominent and well known physician, formerly a resident of Detroit, but now living in New York, appeared in the columns of this paper. The statements made by the doctor and the facts he divulged were of so unusual a nature as to cause no little commotion among those who read them, and many inquiries were raised as to the genuineness of the interview and the validity of the statements it contained. The name of the physician was at that time suppressed at his own request. The seal of secrecy, however, can now be removed, as the important and interesting letter which appears below will abundantly show. In order, however, that the reader may better understand this letter, a few extracts are herewith given from the interview in question.

After an exchange of courtesies and a few reminiscences about the war, in which the doctor was a prominent surgeon, the reporter remarked upon the doctor's improved appearance, upon which he said:

"Yes, I have improved in health since you last saw me, and I hope also in many other ways. One thing, however, I have succeeded in doing, and it is one of the hardest things for any one, and especially a doctor, to do, and that is I have overcome my prejudices. You know there are some people who prefer to remain in the wrong rather than acknowledge the manifest right. Such prejudice leads to bigotry of the worst order. Now, I am a physician, and of the "old school" order, too; but I have, after years of experience and observation, come to the conclusion that truth is the highest of all things, and that if prejudice or bigotry stand in the way of truth, so much the worse for them—they are certain to be crushed sooner or later. Why, when I knew you in Detroit, I would no sooner have thought of violating the code of ethics laid down by the profession, or of prescribing anything out of the regular order, than I would of amputating my hand. Now, however, I prescribe and advise those things which I believe to be adapted to cure, and which my experience has proven to be such."

"How did you come to get such heretical ideas as these, doctor?"

"Oh, they are the result of my experience and observation. I obtained my first ideas upon the subject, though, from having been cured after all my care and the skill of my professional brethren had failed to relieve me. Why, I was as badly off as many of my patients, with a complication of troubles, including dyspepsia, and consequently imperfect kidneys and liver, and I feared I should have to give up my practice. For months I suffered untold agonies. Dull, indefinite pains in the various parts of the body; a lack of interest in everything around me; a loss of appetite; headaches; all these disagreeable symptoms were added to pains which were both acute and constant. Sick as I was, however, I became restored to health in a most surprising manner and in an incredibly short space of time, and it was this that proved a revelation to me. That was the starting point, and my prejudices faded rapidly after that I can assure you. I went to reading extensively, and analyzing more extensively, and since that time I have discovered many things of real value to humanity. Why only a few days ago I advised a lady who was suffering from a serious female difficulty and displacement to use the same remedy which cured me. I saw her this morning and she is nearly well; the pain and inflammation are all gone and she is around as usual. We have no right in the medical fraternity to sit back and declare there is no such thing as improvement or advancement, or that we have a monopoly of the remedies which nature has given to mankind. There are great changes going on in every department of life, and there are great developments in medicine as well. Thousands of people die every year from supposed typhoid fever, rheumatism or other complaints, when in reality it is from trichina, caused by eating poorly cooked and diseased pork. Thousands of children are dying every year from dropsy as the apparent sequel to scarlatina, when in reality it is from diseased kidneys which have become weakened by the fever they have just had."

"Well, doctor, you have got some new truths here, certainly, but they sound very reasonable to me."

"Well, whether they are reasonable or not, I have demonstrated to my own satisfaction that they are true, and I propose to stand by them, no matter how much opposition I may raise by doing so. Any man, be he politician, preacher or physician, who is so considerate of his pocket-book or of his own personal ends as to stulify himself by suppressing the manifest truth, is unworthy the name of man, and unworthy the confidence of the public of the public whom he serves."

The above are some of the principal points in the interview referred to. Now for the sequel. The following outspoke letter from the doctor himself which has just been received is published in full:

Editor Detroit Free Press:

Some time ago a reporter of your paper had an interview with me which he said he would like to publish. I consented on condition that you would not mention my name until I gave you permission. I have now accomplished the purpose I had in mind, and wish to say to you (which you can publish or not as you see fit) that I had debated for a long time whether I would shake off some of the professional fetters which bound me with others for years, and tell the truth, or not. When I looked back, and thought of the tortures, like those described by Dante in his trip to the infernal regions, which I endured from dyspepsia, and recalled how much I would have given at that time for the relief which I have since obtained, I determined that I would take the step so long meditated, and thereby discharge a duty to my fellow men. If I could thereby save one poor mortal one night of the terrible suffering I endured, I would be fully satisfied, be the other consequences what they might.

My dyspeptic condition was produced by a torpid liver, which did not, as a consequence, remove the bile from the blood. This produced derangement of the stomach, inflammation of its coats, dyspepsia, constipation, headache, depression of spirits, yellow complexion, fat-covered eyes, chills and fever; in short, I was miserable to the last degree. I appealed in vain to my books, to my skill and to my fellow physicians. The mystery of my ill-health grew deeper. I traveled everywhere—exhausted all authorized expedients—but to no purpose!

When in this frame of mind, desperately in need of help, but expecting none, one of my unprofessional friends called my attention to some unusual cures wrought by a prominent remedy and urged me to try it. I emphatically declined. But secretly, and with the firm determination that I would never let anybody know what I had done, I began its use. It was only an experiment, you know, but for that matter, all medical treatment is experimental. Well, to make a long, and surprising story short, I experienced a sort of physical revolution. My skin got a better color, My liver resumed its functions. I no longer had to arouse the bowels with cathartics. My headaches disappeared with my dyspepsia; but still I was not convinced. "Nature did it," I reasoned. But, determined to push the investigation to the extreme, while I was in active work, I tried the effect of the remedy on my patients afflicted with kidney, liver and urinary diseases, watching every development carefully and studiously. Then I was completely disarmed, for the remedy stood every test imposed!

Under such convincing circumstances, the matter of confessing my cure became a question of conscience and of duty to humanity. "Here is a remedy," I said, "that has done for me what the best medical skill of the country could not accomplish"—and as an honorable man I will not suppress the facts. I therefore write you and most unhesitatingly assert that for all diseases of the kidneys, liver, stomach or urinary organs which are amenable to treatment, Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure surpasses any remedy I have ever known or used, and since physicians have so much ill-success in the treatment of diseases of these organs, I am prepared to accept all the consequences when I say that they are, if conscientious, in duty bound to use this pure vegetable compound in their practice.

Yours very truly,
J. W. SMITH, M. D.

Statements so outspoken as the above and coming from such a reliable source are valuable beyond question. They conclusively show not only the power of the remedy which has become so well known and popular, but the great importance of attention in time to the first indications of declining health. When professional men of such high standing sink their prejudice and willingly declare their belief in that which they know to be valuable, the public may confidently follow their example.

A PICTURE of still life: A vagrant scorpion strolled leisurely down a plank leaning against a fence on Rusk street, just as the sun reached the zenith yesterday. On that plank pensively reclined a negro whose contemplation was profound and most musically evinced by a sound emitted from his open mouth that recalled to the minds of passers the days of the pit-saw. When scorpion and the African made the conjunction, to say that the African awoke is not an exageration. As he tore the reptile from his swarthy neck and pulverized it in the mud beneath the heel of a No. 13 brogan he got off some such expression as the following: "Dat scarapinhzard must think I got my neck half-soled wid a leather apon, dog-gone him!"

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a somple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

MISCONSTRUCTION: He sat at her feet in quiet peace. He looked into her face and said softly: "Ah, dear, I could sit here forever." "Could you, love?" answered she. "Yes, sweet." "You are right sure you could, darling?" I know it my own." "Very well, then, you sit there, for I have an engagement to go out with young Mr. Fitzspoone, and I won't be back this evening. Turn down the gas and fasten the night-latch when you go away. Ta, ta, dear." And she went out, leaving him to the awful solitude of her goneness and his bitter disappointment.

Beer Affects the Kidneys,

and it may seriously interfere with the health unless promptly counteracted, and for this purpose Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure has no equal.

EXTRACT from a young lady's letter: "And, do you know, Maud and I are quite sure Captain Popple had taken too much champagne at the ball, for he took out his watch and looked hard at the back of it and then muttered; 'Blesh my shoul! I hadn't any idea it was this time o' night.'"

LIKE the generality of kings and conquerors, Frederick the Great had a philosophic indifference to the death of others. In one of his battles, a battalion of veterans having taken to their heels, he galloped after them, bawling out: "Why do you run away, you old blackguards? Do you want to live forever?"

The greatest medicine known for producing an appetite is "Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher." Try it and see,

GOVERNOR ST. JOHN, of Kansas, describes a negro orator as saying to his brethren of the exodus, "Brethren, you mus' be somebody. You mus' make money. Money, bredren! Honestly, ef you kin; but ef not, why—as de white folks do."

"S-a-a-y, father, I learned something new at school to-day."

"What was it?"

"I learned to say, 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.'"

"Did you?"

"Ya-a a."

A MAIN street lady remonstrated with a green girl, who had washed a table dish in a wash basin. She nearly convulsed the whole family by replying: "Well, mum, but I clanes the basin agin afore anybody washes in it."

WHEN a southern man has a lot of chickens in his hen house, the neighbors turn in and elect him to Congress so that they can take a whack at the fowls with nobody to interfere. Congress is of some use in that country.

For Brick and Tile Machinery

Address Jas. F. Clark, Morenci, Mich.

MISSED the mark: Connoisseur in wines (to innocent guest)—"Try a glass of this Chateau la Rose, my friend. It has been in my cellar for over twenty years." Innocent guest—"Has it, indeed?" What must it have been when it was new?"

"WHICH side of the street do you live on, Mrs. Hipple?" asked a counsel who was cross-examining a witness. "On either side, sir. If you go one way, it's on the right side; if you go the other way it's on the left."

When the body of a starving man or animal loses two-fifths of its substance it loses life.

HUMOROUS.

THRASHING Othello: A theatrical company was performing "Othello" in one of the Connecticut provinces. Owing to the illness of the lady who played the role of Desdemona a local tragedienne was assigned that part. When she saw the enraged and foaming Moor advancing to smother her, her courage gave out and hastily crawling under the bed she began to yell for the police. The chivalry of the pit was aroused. A sturdy young countryman mounted to the stage and grappling Othello mopped him around vigorously, amid the applause of the boys. When he recovered his freedom and his breath he explained that he didn't mean to hurt the girl and was only following the cue of Shakespeare. "All right," replied the rustic champion, "when you come around again fetch Shakespeare with you and if he can lick me I'll treat."

Our Progress.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

A CUSTOMER complaining to a horse dealer of the bad points of a horse offered for sale, the dealer, with an air of philosophical resignation, said, "Well, of course the horse has his bad points and his good points; we all know that. But what I insist on is that there's no deception about his bad points. We can see em; they stand out plain. But we can't none of us tell how many good points he may have till we comes to know em. That's what I say."

Consumption Cure.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir*—Death was hourly expected by myself and friends. My physicians pronounced my disease consumption, and said I must die. I began taking your "Discovery" and "Pellets." I have used nine bottles and am wonderfully relieved. I am now able to ride out. ELIZABETH THORNTON,
Montongo, Ark.

A COUNTRY school master thus delivered himself—"If a carpenter wants to cover a roof fifteen feet wide by thirty broad with boards five feet broad by twelve long, how many boards will he need?" The new boy took up his hat and made for the door. "Where are you going?" asked the master. "To find a carpenter," replied the boy. "He ought to know that better than any fellers.

"TELL you the truth," said Brown, "I began to feel uneasy about my health. I haven't the least particle of energy." "My dear boy," cried Fogg. "I congratulate you!" "Congratulate me!" exclaimed Brown in astonishment; "what do you mean?" "I mean just what I say," replied Fogg. "If want of energy has begun to trouble you there's some hope for you. Again, I say I congratulate you."

A KIND husband: A neighbor of Mr. Miggs', glancing out of the window, observed that estimable man plugging up the knot holes in his back yard fence, and ventured to ask: "Any hard feelings agin' the woman next door?" "No," returned Miggs, placidly. Mrs. M.'s got rheumatiz in the jaw and the doctor says she must keep quiet."

The "Golden Bloom of Youth"

may be retained by using Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a specific for "female complaints." By druggists.

A FEW years ago the following resolution was passed by the Common Council of a Connecticut town: "Resolved, That hereafter the churches that have bells that are rung, be rung at the same hour for morning and afternoon service."

"THERE'S our Jeremiah," said Mr. Shelton, "he went off to make his living by his wits." "Well, did he succeed?" inquired his friend. "No," said the old man, with a sigh, and significantly tapping his head; "he failed for want of capital."

Sing a song of hair oil,
Pocket minus chink,
Four and twenty editors
Spilling printer's ink;
Now the pen goes faster,
Wonder what they mean,
Guess they must be writing ads,
For the improved Carboline.

ADMIRATION: "There is something about Pingrey that I admire," said Brown. "Yes," replied Fogg, "there is something about him that I admire too—something in the morning paper, which says that he has gone to Europe for a couple of years."

A FORTUNATE fellow: Fogg says his friend Pingrey is so slow that he never catches cold, and couldn't get within hailing distance of the slowest of slow fevers.

FIRST Freshman to second ditto: "Did you get her photo while you were away?" Second F.: "Well, ah, the fact is, she gave me her negative."

Allen's Brain Food

Cures Nervous Debility and Weakness of Generative Organs, $1—all druggists. Send for circular. Allen's Pharmacy, 313 First av., N. Y.

"DON'T stand on ceremony, come in," said a lady to an old farmer who had called to see her husband. "Excuse me, marm!" exclaimed the man, "I'm standing on the door-mat!"

A LARGE nose is a sign of character. The character, however, depends on the color of the nose.

A MAN that is variable is not esteemed very able by his near neighbors.

THE man who is a little under the weather will soon get over it.

Skinny Men.

Wells' Health Renewer. Absolute cure for nervous debility, dyspepsia, mental or physical decline. $1 at druggists. Prepaid by express, $1.25, 6 for $5. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to any person afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vigor and manhood.

Address as above without delay.

P. S.—No risk is incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed.

MESSRS. MORGAN & HEADLY Mutual Life Building, Tenth and Chestnut streets, have on hand a superb stock of extra fine quality Diamonds, which they offer at as low prices as stones of the first quality, perfect alike in color and shape, can be sold for.

Mr. J. H. Pillsbury, of Springfield, Mass., has the following letter in the *Science:* "A friend of mine who is a reliable observer relates an incident which forcibly illustrates the power of parental affection to overcome fear. The gentleman found a nest of young mice and removed them to the ground near by. The mother mouse made her appearance and carried away one of her young, and while she was gone the gentleman took the remaining mice in his hand. When the mouse again appeared and could not find her young she seemed to hesitate a moment and then ran up the gentleman's clothes, took one of the young and carried it away. This was repeated until all the young were removed to a place of safety.

Commercial travelers and others subjected to sudden changes and exposure, should be provided with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup the best and quickest remedy for the relief and cure of Colds. Price 25c.

It is well known that a black object on a white ground will appear to be much larger than it really is. A white stripe, for instance, on a black surface seems broader than a black stripe on a white surface, although both be of the same width. This phenomenon of simultaneous contrast is physiologically explained by Peter Sherffer in this way: When one of our senses receives a double sensation, one of which is active and strong while the other is weak it will be found that the latter is not felt. This must be particularly the case when both impressions are of the same kind, or when a strong effect from an object on one of the senses is followed by another of the same kind which is milder and weaker.

Send name and address to Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., for cook book free.

To destroy the black points, flesh-worms or comedones which are found in the face, and especially near the nostrils, Dr. Unna prescribes the following. Kaolin, four parts; glycerine, three parts; acetic acid, two parts, with or without the addition of some etheral oil. With this pomade the parts affected are covered in the evening, and if need be, during the day. After several days the comedones can be easily pressed out of the skin. Bandaging with vinegar or lemon-juice or diluted hydrochloric acid has much the same effect.

Nothing like "Sellers' Liver Pills" for headache, biliousness, dizziness, constipation, fever and ague, and all malaria.

There is a statement in the *Giornale del Lavori Publico* of Jan. 4 to the effect that the Italian Minister of Public Works has granted permission to the Societa Veneta di Construzioni to make the necessary surveys and investigations regarding a projected tunnel under the Strait of Messina. It is intended that a branch line from the Eboli-Reggio Railway in Naples will descend by a spiral to the tunnel itself, and in a similar manner ascend on the other side to join the Messina-Patti Line. The tunnel proper is to be about two and two-thirds miles long, and 100 feet below the bed of the straits.

BEATTY'S ORGANS

Beatty's BEETHOVEN Organ contains 10 full sets Golden Tongue Reeds, 27 STOPS, Walnut or Ebonized Case, 9 Octaves, Metal Foot Plates, Upright Bellows, Steel Springs, Lamp Stands, Pocket for music, Handles and Rollers for moving. Beatty's Patent Stop Action, a NEW AND NOVEL REEDBOARD (patented,) will give as much music as 14 COMMON ORGANS. No other maker dare build this organ (it is patented.) ENORMOUS SUCCESS. Sales over 1000 a month, demand increasing. 27 Factory working DAY and by 320 Edison's Electric Lights at NIGHT to fill orders.

Price, Boxed, Delivered on board Cars here, Stool, Book, &c., only $90

If after one year's use you are not satisfied return Organ, will promptly refund money with interest.

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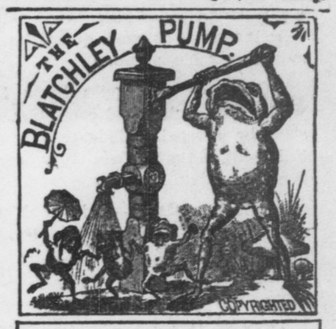
Beautiful Illustrated Catalogue free.

Please Address or call upon

DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.



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ALL the most Valuable Improvements.

The BLATCHLEY PUMPS are for sale by the best houses in the trade.

Name of my nearest agent will be furnished on application to

C. C. BLATCHLEY, Manufacturer, 308 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

YOUNG MEN If you want to learn Telegraphy in a few months and be certain of a situation, address VALENTINE BROS, Janesville, Wisconsin.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER. 25c. package makes 5 gallons of a delicious, wholesome, sparkling Temperance beverage. Ask your druggist, or sent by mail for 25c. C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Delaware Ave., Phila.

WANTED—Advertising agents for the celebrated Moller Organ, Hagerstown, Md. Good salary paid.

TO CARD COLLECTORS.—Six sets of elegant chromo cards, with instructions for making the beautiful parlor chromo scrapes, all for 20c. G. W. HUGHES, Rochester, N. Y.

Seed Potatoes, Barley and Oats For Sale.

Chicago Market, White Elephant, Dunmore, Early Ohio, or any variety furnished desired. White Russian Oats, Adams' New Hybrid Barley, very prolific, weighs 50 to 55 lbs., stiff straw, standing up five to ten days after it is ripe enough to cut. No order accepted for less than half bushel. Pure white Chester Swine, Southdown Sheep, Fine Coach, Draught and Saddle Horses. N. B.—Several first-class farms in Livingston County, N. Y. Prices furnished upon application. Reference: J. B. Thurston, Cashier Woodruff's Bank, Livonia, Livingston Co., N. Y. Address, T. EUGENE ANNIS, Livonia Station, Liv Co., N. Y

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ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

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Its relief and cure by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method without the injury trusses inflict or hindrance to labor. His book, with proofs from doctors, ministers, merchants and others during the past thirty five years, will have been cured, mailed for 15 cents. Send for it, and inform yourself. Principal office 251 Broadway, New York; branch office, 302 Walnut St., Philadelphia. Consultation days, March 22d, 23d and 24th, and every other week thereafter, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.

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FITS STOPPED FREE. Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored! DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Fits, Epilepsy and Nerve Affections. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying expressage. Send name, P. O. and express address to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa. *See principal druggists.*

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give Express and P.O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

WANTED—50 GIRLS; GOOD WAGES PAY WEEKLY. LIGHT, STEADY WORK GIVEN, to be made AT HOME. Work CALLED FOR and delivered FREE. Globe Knitting Co., 167 South St., Boston, Mass.

FOR LADIES ONLY,

The "Ladies' Medical Association." Remedies for all diseases of women are prepared by the most competent and reliable physicians, who have made such diseases a special life study. Patients can be successfully treated by mail. ADVICE FREE. Letters STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL. Send description of symptoms; or, if not in need of remedies, send for our "Hints to Ladies," which gives novel and interesting information FOR LADIES ONLY. It will please you. Free. Address Mrs. SARAH J. VAN BUREN, Secretary, 192 Franklin Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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40 Elite Cards (new) with name, 6 Jap. Hdk's and an 8-page Story Paper, 3 mos. on trial for 15c. in stamps. EAGLE PUB. CO., Springfield, Mass.

OPIUM Morphine Habit. Cure YOURSELF. Send for Receipt. Cheap, safe, sure. DR. H. J. POE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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